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WITH EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT: ROYAL ACADEMY PICTURES SIXPENCE



THE OPENING OF THE OPERA SEASON: GOUNOD'S "ROMÉO ET JULIETTE" AT COVENT GARDEN, MAY 13.

Roméo: Mons. Saléza.

Juliette: Madame Fames.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

Variety is the salt of life, and I suppose that is why there are so many ways of loving one's country. De Wet loves his fatherland by dragging it towards ruin, refusing to see that there is a point where resistance to superior force ceases to be heroic. There are ancient examples of patriots who, rather than yield to the conqueror, perished on the funeral pyre; and if De Wet should end in that way, we have patriots of our own who will view the spectacle with ecstasy. But many Boers love their country in more prosaic fashion. General French testifies that hundreds of burghers have definitely ranged themselves on the British side, and rendered us invaluable assistance in the field. This displeases our thoroughgoing admirers of De Wet. They talk of "renegades" and "traitors," and suggest that the burgher who takes up arms for the British is bought by the unscrupulous invader. But I can imagine that burgher making out a tolerable case. He would probably say, "I fought against the English as long as there was any chance of preserving our independence. The cause is now hopeless, and to persist in it is madness. Guerilla warfare, which does not shake the purpose of the enemy, but desolates the country, becomes sheer brigandage, and reduces to misery all the inhabitants except those who live by plunder. As a choice of evils, I consider it my duty to help the invaders to crush the brigands."

This reasoning is despicable to people who tell us that the British case is condemned by the fourteenpenny income-tax and the export duty on coal. They want the taxpayer to believe that a war which costs so much must be wrong, and yet they condemn the burgher who shrinks from guerilla warfare because it means ruin. If we are to bring the controversy down from the exaltation of the funeral pyre to plain business, it is manifest that the British taxpayer can afford to persevere, and that the prudent burgher cannot. Why, then, should he play the sentimentalist to gratify emotional persons in England, whose sentiment has already done so much mischief? I don't know what Mrs. Louis Botha's reported mission to Europe may be; but if she comes to tell us that the Boer women in the British camps are faring well, she must expect to be told that she is no patriot. Anything to our credit is rank blasphemy on the lips of a Boer. I have been reading what purports to be the whole duty of "every Englishman who loves his country," and I find that it comprises implacable resentment against the prosecution of a South African editor, now languishing in prison for having fomented treason and rebellion by libelling Lord Kitchener.

In the name of "freedom of the Press" every journalist, of course, is ready to suffer martyrdom. Before applauding the martyr, however, let us see that he has at least the semblance of a grievance. In the midst of rebellion and invasion, a Cape editor, notorious for violent hostility to the Imperial Government, publishes the story that Lord Kitchener had ordered Boer prisoners to be shot. The defence is that he did no worse than an English editor, who printed the statement as a specimen of the malignant lies that made the task of coping with Dutch disaffection so difficult. What strikes me chiefly in this pretext for invoking the sacred "freedom" is the poorness of its spirit. Why pretend that there is any similarity between the two cases? Why not maintain that an enlightened editor at the Cape, who sympathises with the Boers, has a perfect right to circulate libels that will help them and injure us? This, at all events, would be a courageous attitude on the part of "every Englishman who loves his country." Somehow, the other plea suggests not the dauntless front of rectitude, but the least impressive kind of "slimness."

By one of the quaint caprices to which sentimentalism is subject, it is no longer deemed patriotic to traduce Lord Kitchener. Not long ago his name was greeted at a "conciliation" meeting with cries of "Butcher!" and "Beast!" It was said that he had massacred the wounded Dervishes at Omdurman, that he had callously outraged humanity and religious convictions by desecrating the Mahdi's tomb and throwing that Prophet's head into the Nile. In one of the journals which invoke the sacred "freedom" it was affirmed that De Wet would execute a righteous vengeance by flogging Lord Kitchener and then shooting him. But what a change has come over these amiable views! Because Lord Kitchener is supposed to have differed from the Colonial Secretary in the negotiations with Louis Botha, he is now acclaimed by "every Englishman who loves his country." That little affair with the Mahdi's head is cited as a proof of his high character, and I learn that instead of being justifiably flogged and shot by De Wet, he must come home and be appointed Commander-in-Chief. This must be rather bewildering to that South African editor who is ruminating in gaol. Was it worth while, after all, to assume that the soldier who was disrespectful to the Mahdi's head must be capable of ordering Boer prisoners to be murdered?

A sentimentalist in France has proposed to the *Times* an ingenious scheme for enriching both, and incidentally

promoting harmony between two great peoples. The *Times* is to advertise a grand marriage lottery, in which the sentimentalist will issue twenty-five thousand tickets at a pound apiece exclusively to Englishwomen. Upon the fortunate competitor he will bestow his heart and hand, award a consolation prize of sixteen hundred pounds, and pay the *Times* two thousand for its trouble. He does not dwell on the international aspect of the lottery; but this cannot fail to strike "every Frenchman who loves his country" by reading the *Libre Parole*, and I expect M. Drumont to denounce the scheme with his usual energy. He will see that this is a subtle device of Mr. Chamberlain's to enslave a French citizen with English gold. The twenty-five thousand competitors will all be selected by the Colonial Secretary, and the money furnished out of our secret service funds. The bride will be a paid agent of the British Government, and the bridegroom will be appointed by the perfidious Waldeck-Rousseau to some post where he can best betray his country, say the Second Bureau of the General Staff. And then the subscribers of the *Libre Parole* will have another incontrovertible proof of the guilt of Dreyfus.

There is even more exciting news for M. Drumont. The author of "The Yellow Danger," which described the Chinese invasion of Europe, is again in a prophetic frenzy. In "The Lord of the Sea" there is such a savage carnival of Anti-Semitism on the Continent that ten million Jews are driven into England. They acquire an easy dominance over our commerce, and rapidly enroll themselves among the landed gentry. In Norfolk there is a farmer, one Richard Hogarth, who is a Jew without knowing it. A large meteor, chiefly composed of diamonds, strikes the earth, and Hogarth, securing a handsome fragment, becomes fabulously rich, constructs "sea forts" which dominate the main tracks of ocean commerce, fights the combined navies of the world and nearly annihilates them, becomes Regent of Britain and universal Dictator, and, having discovered his Jewish blood, ends by taking all the Jews to Palestine, where he rules over them for sixty years. This conclusion may not please M. Drumont; but the idea of dumping all the Jews in Europe on our shores must appeal to his sense of practical statesmanship, to say nothing of poetical justice.

This story makes me wonder whether the possibilities of catastrophic fiction are approaching exhaustion. Europe has been desolated by the Chinese, and oppressed by Mr. Wells's capitalist oligarchy, assisted by Soudanese police, who patrol the Continent in flying machines. One of our naval experts has amused his leisure with a comet, which destroys the human race, except a couple of Londoners, who begin our world again like Adam and Eve. Mr. Wells has projected his imagination eight hundred thousand years ahead, and discovered mankind perishing of anæmia. I don't know how many times our little island has been invaded. Mr. Max Pemberton describes in "Pro Patria" a French attempt to make a Channel Tunnel without our knowledge. The plot is discovered before any harm is done, and I am grateful to Mr. Pemberton for his surprising moderation. As for sea-rovers, Mr. Richard Hogarth has had many predecessors, who have sunk battle-ships as if they were no more than cockleshells.

There may come a time when we shall have an end of the harrowing inventions that make us delightfully uneasy in our beds. What will remain for nerves that cannot dispense with shocks? I suspect that the only ingenuity which shows no sign of giving out is that of the acrobat. You might think that the art of tumbling, balancing, and performing graceful arabesques with the human limbs was limited in its permutations. A visit to the London Hippodrome will show you that it is not. The things which can be done by an acrobat when standing on his head at the top of a long pole are simply electrifying. So I comfort myself with the thought that even when the story-books grow stale, I shall get a stimulating shiver down the spine by watching the gentlemen who stand on their heads.

PARLIAMENT.

Mr. Brodrick's Army scheme was met by an Opposition amendment which was virtually a vote of "no confidence." Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman argued that the Government proposals would increase our expenditure without adding substantially to our military strength. Mr. Wyndham defended the broad outlines of the scheme, and there was a great deal of criticism from the Ministerial side, though not on the lines of Mr. Winston Churchill's speech. Mr. Churchill denied that there was any need to increase the Army, as our real line of home defence must be the Fleet. The service members on both sides warned Mr. Brodrick that he would never get the necessary recruits. Much was said about the principle that "policy governs armaments," Mr. Wyndham contending that the Ministry had no more aggressive idea than that of being prepared to defend all parts of the Empire.

By an overwhelming majority, the House of Commons refused to call the Chief Secretary for Ireland to account for having "seized" the *Irish People* for publishing a foul, obscene, and seditious libel on the King.

LONDON AND SOUTH WESTERN RAILWAY.
WHITSUNTIDE HOLIDAYS.

SOUTH COAST, WEST OF ENGLAND, AND FRENCH COAST.

CHEAP TICKETS will be issued by any ordinary train to HAVRE on MAY 24 and 25, CHERBOURG on MAY 25, and to ST. MALO on MAY 24.
RETURN FARE, Third Class by Rail and Second Class by Steamer, LONDON to St. Malo and Havre, 24s. 6d., Cherbourg, 22s.
SPECIAL CHEAP EXCURSIONS at EXPRESS SPEED to BOURNEMOUTH, SWANAGE, WEYMOUTH, EXETER, PLYMOUTH, and certain Stations in NORTH DEVON and CORNWALL.

ON SATURDAY, MAY 25,

SPECIAL EXTRA FAST TRAINS conveying passengers at ordinary fares will leave WATERLOO as follows—

At 12.25 p.m. for SOUTHAMPTON WEST and BOURNEMOUTH.

At 2.2 p.m. EXPRESS for BOURNEMOUTH.

At 4.5 p.m. EXPRESS for BOURNEMOUTH (DIRECT).

At 4.50 p.m. for SOUTHAMPTON WEST, CHRISTCHURCH, and BOUENE-MOUTH.

At 5.40 p.m. for SALISBURY, YEovil, EXETER, and PLYMOUTH LINES; also to Stations on the SEATON, SIDMOUTH, and BUDLEIGH SALTERTON BRANCHES.

At 9.00 p.m. for CHRISTCHURCH, BOSCOMBE, BOURNEMOUTH (CENTRAL), and DORCHESTER.

ON WHIT TUESDAY.

A Special EARLY RETURN TRAIN, conveying passengers at ordinary fares and holders of return halves of Week-end Tickets will leave BOURNEMOUTH (CENTRAL) at 6.15 a.m. for LONDON, calling at Christchurch 6.25, Bournemouth 6.42, Southampton West 7.1, Winchester 7.25, and Basingstoke 7.49 a.m., arriving Waterloo 9.1 a.m.

For full particulars and Excursions on Whit Sunday and Monday to Southampton, Portsmouth, Isle of Wight, Bournemouth, &c., see Handbills and Excursion Programmes.

Official List of Seaside, Farnhouse, and Country Lodgings gratuitous upon application to Mr. Sam Fay, Superintendent of the Line, or any of the Company's London Offices.

CHAS. J. OWENS, General Manager.

READY SHORTLY.

BENJAMIN CONSTANT'S

GREAT PORTRAIT OF QUEEN VICTORIA

EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

ONE HUNDRED COLOURED PHOTOGRAVURES.

All Proofs, at Twenty Guineas each.

FIVE HUNDRED PHOTOGRAVURES.

All Artist's Proofs, at Ten Guineas each.

(Now nearly all Subscribed.)

UNSIGNED PROOFS, also limited, at Five Guineas.

PRINTS, Three Guineas.

The Portrait of the late Queen by M. Benjamin Constant is appearing at the Exhibition of the Royal Academy this season at the wish of His Majesty the King.

OUR HISTORICAL PHOTOGRAVURES.

An Illustrated List is now ready, and may be had free on application to PHOTOGRAVURE DEPARTMENT, 198, STRAND, W.C.

MUSIC.

In the concert-room the novelty of the past week was the first appearance of M. Michel de Sicard at the Steinway Hall on May 11. He has a great reputation in Russia, and has achieved a fair artistic success in Berlin. He was greatly handicapped on Saturday, for Herr Kubelik was drawing most of the musical audience that could leave the out-of-door social events to sit in a concert-hall. It was not only the scanty audience that hampered him, but the sudden indisposition of his accompanist. Mr. Algernon Lindo kindly took his place, but quite inadequately; and M. de Sicard was palpably ill-at-ease. Not that Mr. Lindo played wrong notes, but he picked his way on the piano delicately and conscientiously, with a laborious, after-beat result. Still, M. de Sicard was able to show a brilliancy of technique and some artistic perception and taste. In the more ambitious works, such as Wieniawski's "Concerto," this was especially commendable, though the accompaniment was more glaringly deficient.

In the St. James's Hall, Herr Kubelik gave his second public recital, and received a great ovation. It will be a pity, however, if he ever is lured into becoming a mere virtuoso of execution, for he has a higher power than that—a power of expression and an instinct for the spirit of the composition. By the way, many of the papers seem convinced he is a Hungarian; but a near neighbour of his states that he comes from Austria, from Bohemia, where every peasant boy fiddles more or less.

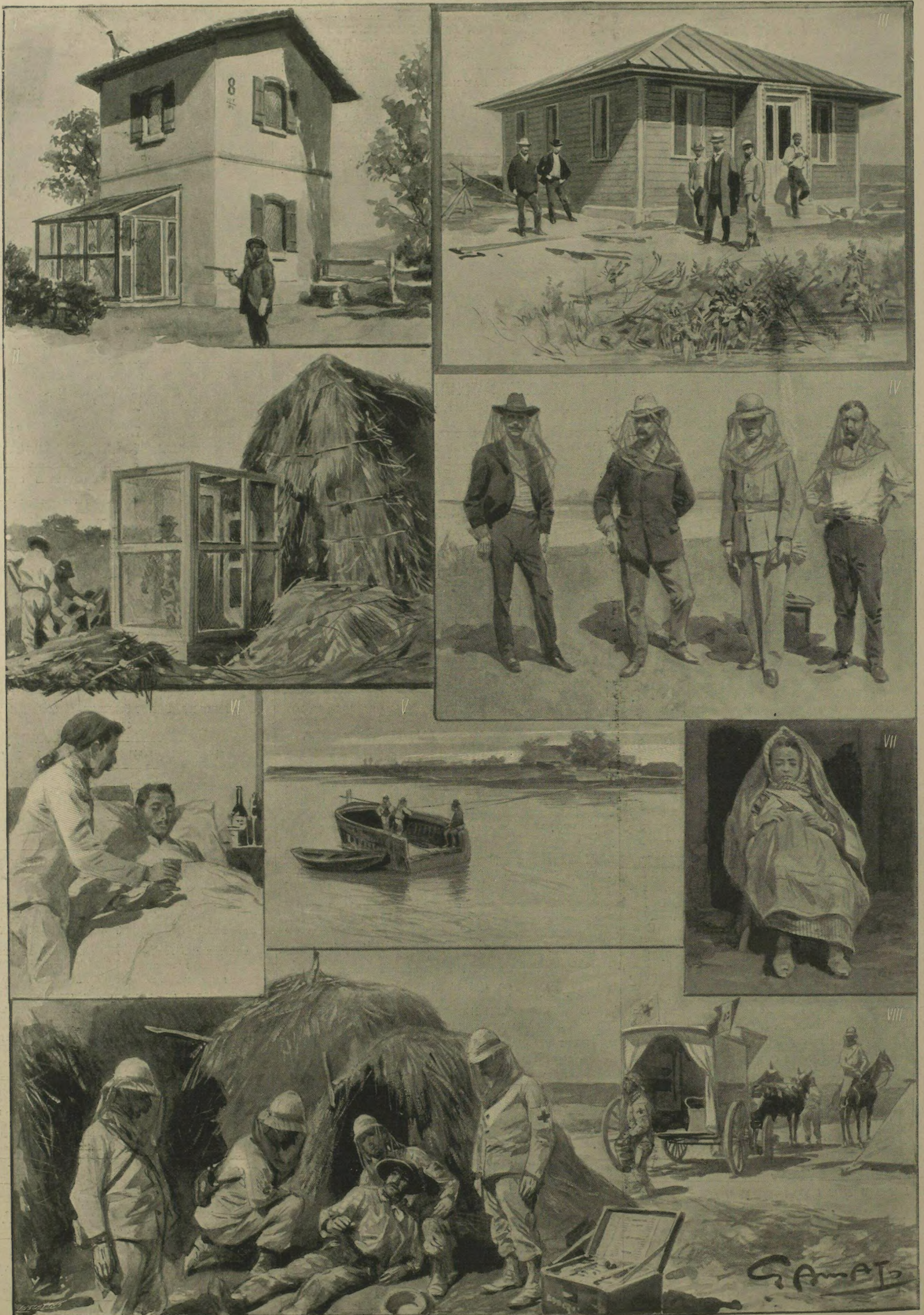
The Royal Opera season has opened favourably, and notwithstanding the absence of royalty and the immediate Court circle, it promises to be a very brilliant season. Structural alterations have been made, which give improved scenic effects, and the lighting also has been greatly improved. The orchestra is considered to be of better quality than last year. Both Herr Lohse, who will conduct the German performances, and Signor Mancinelli express themselves satisfied that it is better than during the last few years. Madame Melba is promised to appear later in the season. Madame Calvé, Fraulein Ternina (who did such artistic work last year), Frau Gadsby, Madame Suzanne Adams, Madame Emma Eames, Mlle. Strakosch, and Mlle. Scheff are the principal prime donne. M. Van Dyck, M. Saléza, Signor Tamagno are the leading tenors. Herr Van Rooy, Signor Scotti, Mr. Bispham, M. Plançon, and M. Journet are the leading basses and baritones.

On Monday evening, "Roméo et Juliette," Gounod's lyrical opera, was given. Madame Emma Eames sang with much grace and charm as Juliette, and her voice was brilliant and true. M. Saléza was the Roméo, and his voice was better than his acting. The chorus and orchestra were excellent. Mr. Lawrence Rea, who has won a solid reputation on the concert platform, took the part of Gregory and sang with power and distinction. The Priest of M. Journet was also excellent.

There will be a performance of "Tristan und Isolde" to-night (Saturday), and during the season one English novelty—Dr. Villiers Stanford's "Much Ado About Nothing." This will probably be heard in May.—M. I. H.

EXPERIMENTS IN THE PREVENTION OF MALARIA IN THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA.

Drawings by our Special Artist, Mr. G. Amato.



1. Signal-House: Doors, Windows, and Pavilion protected by Wire Grates.
2. Straw Hut, with Pavilion at the Entrance.
3. Cottage near the Pond of Ostia, built by the English Mission.
4. The English Mission, with Doctors dressed for the Campaign (Veils on the Face, and Gloves on the Hands).
5. The English Mission Crossing the Tiber near Ostia.
6. Sick Persons Attended by the Ambulance.
7. A Malaria Patient from an unprotected House.
8. The Field-Hospital in Quest of Malarial Patients.

THE PROGRESS OF THE CAPE TO CAIRO RAILWAY.

The Cape to Cairo Railway will cross the Zambesi River at the Victoria Falls, approximately 300 miles north-west of Bulawayo. It would appear as though a foreseeing providence had arranged the matter, for only a few hundred yards below the Falls, and at the commencement of a wonderful gorge that goes twisting away for thirty miles, the railway engineers have chosen a spot where a single span of 600 ft. will bridge the whole river. All the exposed banks of river, chasm, and gorge are of solid black basalt, substantial material to found the piers upon; and we believe it is intended to employ as little superstructure as possible in the construction. The trains will creep across this chasm at a height of nearly 400 ft. above the level of the water rushing below, and so close to the Falls themselves that the driving spray will fall upon the carriages as they turn on to the bridge. The clear drop of the water over the fall is 375 ft.; Niagara

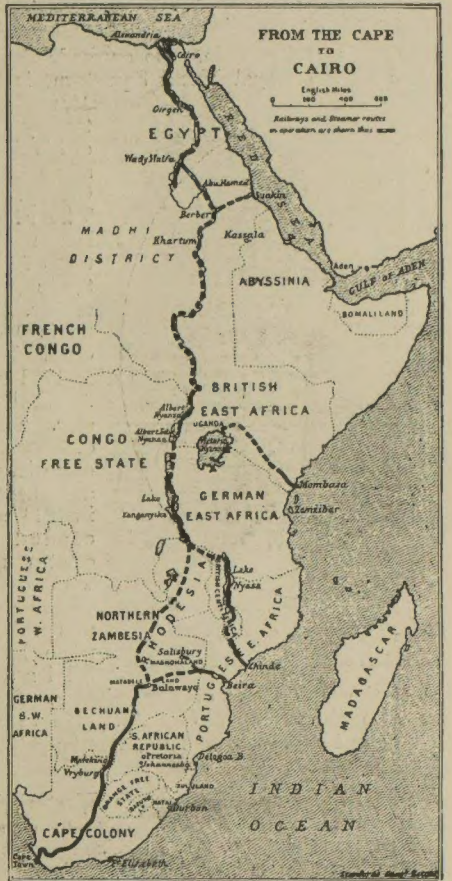


SOUTHERN TERMINUS: RAILWAY STATION AT CAPE TOWN.



CAIRO: THE NORTHERN TERMINUS.

hundred feet deep, and considerably narrower than the Thames at Cleopatra's Needle. One end of this fall would wash the walls of the Houses of Parliament, and the other edge would thunder down past the piers of Blackfriars Bridge, and would

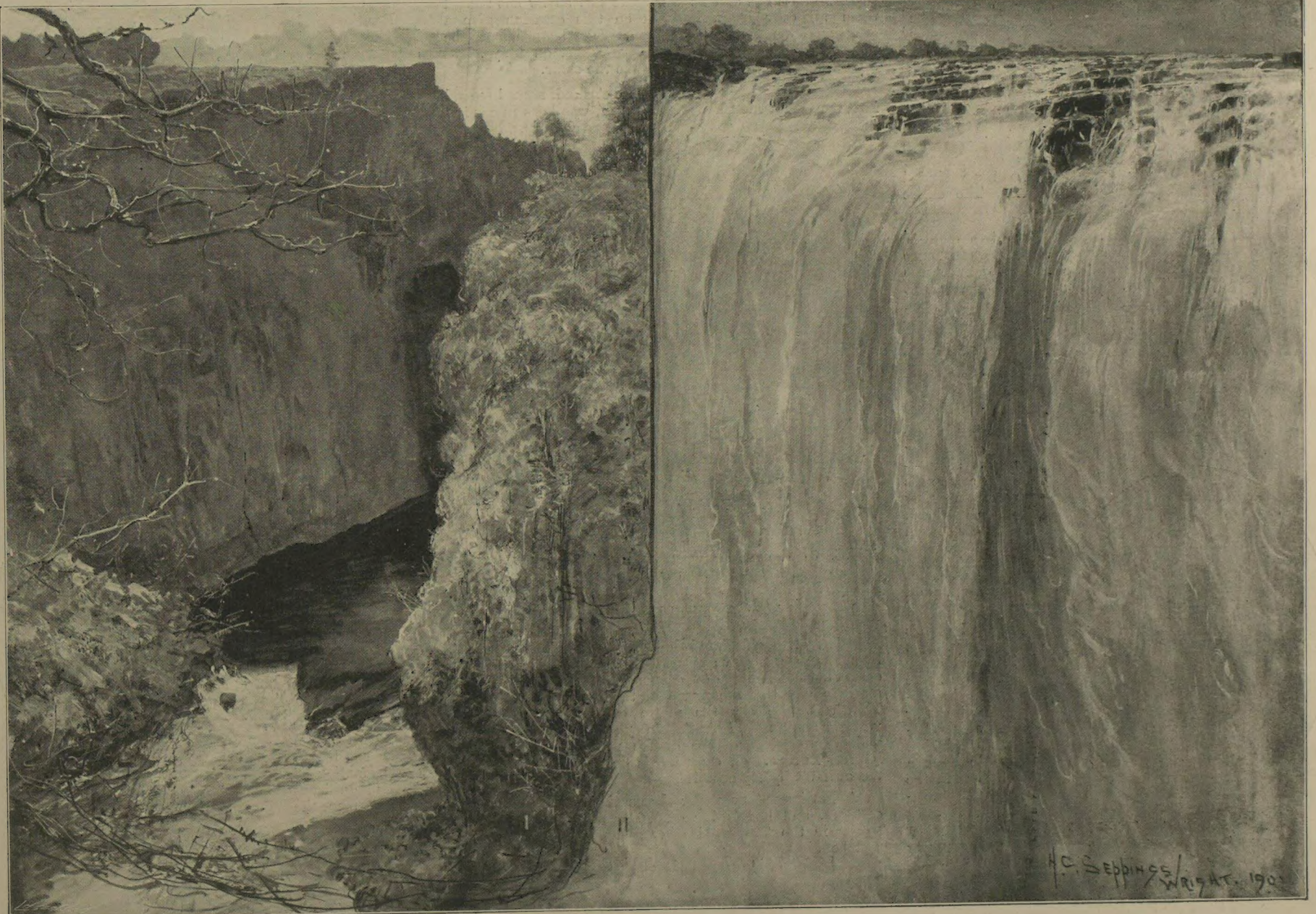


THE PROJECTED LINE OF RAILWAY.

Reproduced by Permission of the Proprietors of the "Graphic."

at the Horseshoe Fall is 165 ft. The lip or edge over which the water thunders down into the chasm is one mile and 200 yards long in almost a straight line, while Niagara is under 900 yards along the curved lip. If the Zambesi ran down through London from the north, it would be wide enough to touch the Marble Arch on one side and the British Museum on the other, and running on, would pour over the whole length of the Thames Embankment into a long chasm four

wash away every building between these two points. Out of this chasm, at right angles, there runs the deep gorge which the great transcontinental railway will bridge.
R. T. C.



1. The Gorge below the Victoria Falls, soon to be Spanned by a Railway Bridge, 600 ft. wide and 400 ft. high.

2. The Victoria Falls on the Zambesi.

THE APPROACH OF THE LINE TO THE ZAMBESI.
From Photographs kindly lent by the British South Africa Company.

PERSONAL.

The King has spent an exceptionally busy week, his Majesty receiving in audience, among others of his distinguished subjects, Lord Salisbury, the Marquis of Lansdowne, and Sir William Conyngham Greene, and Sir Hector MacDonald. On Sunday the King, after attending Divine service at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, drove to Kew Cottage, where he lunched with the Duke of Cambridge and the Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. The Queen deferred her return to town owing to the slight indisposition of Princess Victoria.

The Marquis of Ormonde, who succeeds the King as Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron, is the third

Marquis and the twenty-first Earl of his line. He is also Earl of Ossory, Viscount Thurles, and Baron Arklow—titles full of historic reminiscences. Moreover, he is Hereditary Chief Butler of Ireland and Vice-Admiral of Leinster. The holder of these and other dignities was born at Kilkenny Castle in 1844, and succeeded to his estates when he was only ten years old. He was thirty-two when he married Elizabeth, daughter of the first Duke of Westminster. He retired from the Life Guards as a Captain. He owns about 27,000 acres; but his favourite recreation has always been that of a yachtsman.

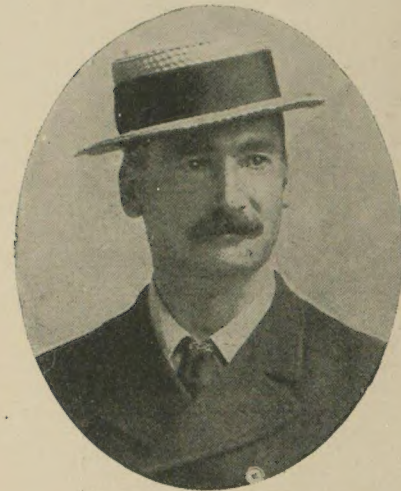


Photo. Kirk, Cowes.

THE MARQUIS OF ORMONDE,
Elected Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron.

The theatrical policy of the hour in West-End houses seems to be mainly one of revivals. Thus, at Wyndham's, too late for notice this week, Mr. Jones's clever comedy of "Rebellious Susan" has just been reproduced. At the Criterion, Mr. Bouchier, Miss Compton, and Mr. Dion Boucicault have resumed their happy association in Mr. Carton's laughable Court farce, "Wheels Within Wheels," which promises to repeat its success.

From its run at the Court Theatre, Mr. Martin Harvey has been busy transferring to the Apollo the too sentimental yet picturesque story of "A Cigarette Maker's Romance," and the sole West-End novelty of the week has been this actor-manager's production of Mr. Fred Wright junior's one-act play, "Toff Jim"—a grotesque study of East-End life, which merely proves its earnest author's inexperience and ignorance of womankind.

There is a performance yet to come of a posthumous work of Sir Arthur Sullivan's—a "Te Deum." It is a pathetic coincidence that his last and his first compositions were written for Church purposes. This is to be given in the public Thanksgiving at the end of the war in South Africa. The "Te Deum" has for its central motif the well-known setting of the Rev. S. Baring-Gould's hymn, "Onward, Christian Soldiers." This hymn is full of martial spirit sanctified by Christianity, and the effect is further deepened by Sullivan's orchestration, which employs a military brass band and a stringed orchestra without wood wind instruments. The entire "Te Deum" is said to be highly artistic.

A Russian lady has been sentenced to two months' imprisonment because she was a spectator of a disturbance between the police and the students. Her offence was described as "idle curiosity." It must be dangerous to walk for the sake of taking the air in a Russian town, and instructing oneself in the ordinary business of police administration. In the old days of Irish coercion it was asserted that a peaceful citizen was prosecuted for looking at a policeman with "a humbugging kind of a smile." Even that was not so bad as "idle curiosity."

The Most Rev. John Travers Lewis, Archbishop of Ontario and Metropolitan of Canada—to give him the title he resigned a few months since—died at sea on his way from New York to England. His feeble health had detained him in New York for some weeks, but it was by the advice of his doctors that he started on his last journey. Born in 1825, in County Cork, the late Prelate had a distinguished career at Trinity College, Dublin, where he took a First Class in the Divinity Examination of 1848. In 1850—a year after his ordination—he joined his

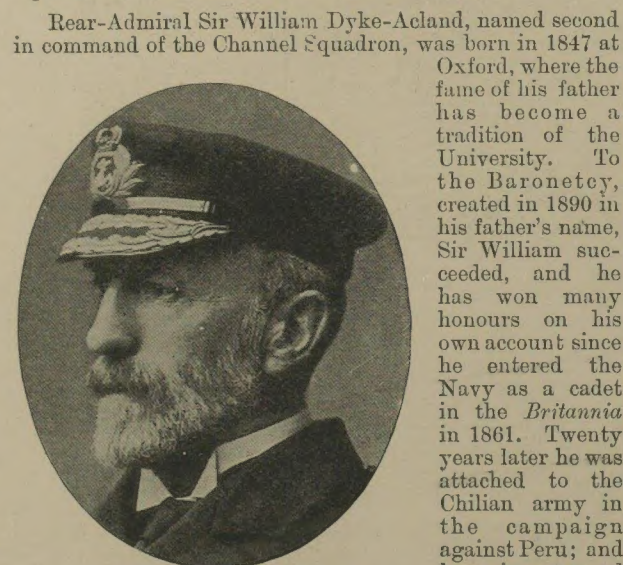
Metropolitan—a title he relinquished at the close of the century.

It is stated that some Boer prisoners at liberty on parole are now in England. One of them is described as a millionaire from the Transvaal who is living near Malvern, and engaging in all the sports of an English country gentleman, such as riding to hounds and shooting. As nobody rides to hounds in May, and there are no birds for the sportsman, this gentleman's pastimes are rather singular. Still, it is a relief to know that he is enjoying himself, and not eating the "poisonous food" which is served out to Boer prisoners by Dutch imagination.

It is curious that in spite of the Colonial Secretary's statements, and the very explicit announcement of Sir Alfred Milner that he will return to South Africa after his brief holiday, many people at the Cape are afraid that he will be shelved. They remember what happened to South African administrators like Sir Bartle Frere. A little reflection should show that there is not the smallest analogy between such a case and the position of Sir Alfred Milner.

Mr. McHugh, M.P., is permitted to conduct his journal, the *Sligo Champion*, from the depths of a dungeon. This piece of British tyranny must astonish Continental editors, who, when they are clapped into gaol by their Governments, cease to contribute for a while to public opinion.

Cavaliere Augusto Sindici, the poet of the Roman Campagna, is to lecture to the Dante Society. He began life as a soldier, and distinguished himself in the campaigns of '58, '59, and '66, being one of the first to enter Rome with the victorious Italian army in 1870. He was the chief organiser of the Guardia Nazionale, and in his spare time wrote a number of successful plays. As a keen sportsman, he was the enthusiastic advocate of sport among the officers under the new condition of things, and the organiser of military racing in Italy. He scoured the Campagna for years with his gun, and during these wanderings collected among the farmers and peasants a store of local folk-tales and legends, full of the most curious pathos and horror—the very essence of those fever-stricken regions between Civita Vecchia and the Pontine Marshes. His "Legends of the Roman Campagna" are the outcome of these wanderings, and in the same way as he has recited them all over Italy, he will on this occasion give a selection from them in London. The lecture is to be given at Queen's College, Harley Street, on May 23 at 9 p.m., and Lord Windsor will take the chair.

CAVALIERE AUGUSTO SINDICI,
The Poet of the Campagna.Photo. Russell, Southsea.
REAR-ADMIRAL SIR W. A. DYKE-ACLAND,
Second in Command, Channel Squadron.

A.D.C. to the late Queen, and Captain of Dockyard Reserve at Devonport. Sir William married in 1887 Emily, daughter of Viscountess Hambleden.

Lord Salisbury signalled his return from the South of France by a vigorous speech to the Nonconformist Unionist Association. He declared that the war had been provoked by a Boer conspiracy against British supremacy, that the enormous armaments of the enemy made further evidence needless, and that the motto of the Government and the British Empire was the motto of Sir Alfred Milner: "Never again!" Lord Salisbury added that the strength and determination of the British people could not fail to impress Europe. Of course, this declaration is treated by the anti-war party as a defiance of the Powers.

A Parliamentary paper shows that 634 farms, mills, cottages, and hovels have been burned by the British troops in the Transvaal and the Orange Colony. This will be disappointing to the people who complain that "thousands" of homesteads have been ruthlessly destroyed. The Parliamentary paper gives a synopsis of the reasons why this destruction was carried out in many cases. Needless to say, gross treachery, concealment of arms, and systematic use of the houses by the fighting burghers account for a good deal. The abuse of the white flag to lure British patrols into ambush is very prominent.

Lord Peel has come out as a champion of the barmaids. He holds that their long hours must be fatal to their complexions, and as they are engaged for their looks, these ought to be protected by law. It is a logical conclusion, and Lord Peel ought to press it on the attention of the Legislature.

The Miners' Federation decided not to recommend a general strike against the export duty on coal. It was intimated that operation of the duty would be closely watched, and that if it did not correspond to the calculation of Sir Michael Hicks Beach, the miners would reconsider their position.

Sir W. Conyngham Greene, K.C.B., the new Minister at Berne, became well known to his fellow-countrymen when, as British Agent at Pretoria, with the rank of Chargé d'Affaires, he took part in the negotiations with the South African Republic which preceded, but did not avert, a war. Born in Ireland in 1854, and a grandson, on his mother's side, of the third Lord Plunket, he was educated at Harrow and at Pembroke College, Oxford, where he took many honours and his M.A. degree in 1880. By that time he was already in the Foreign Office, and had his first experience as third Secretary at Athens. He went afterwards to Stuttgart, where he stayed till 1887, in which year he entered the Diplomatic Service. At the Hague, Brussels, and Teheran he had his stations before he proceeded to Pretoria with his part in preliminaries which became great in view of the events following in their train.

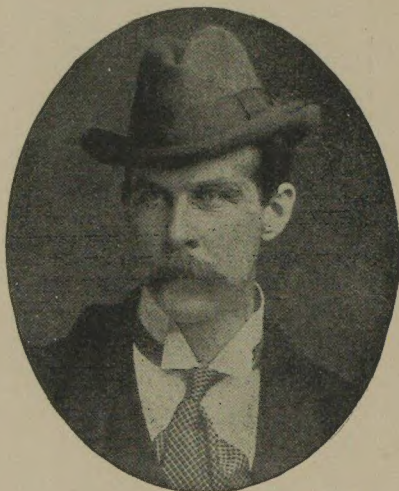


Photo. Elliott and Fry.

SIR W. CONYNGHAM GREENE,
New British Minister at Berne.

The Hon. T. A. Brassey has intimated to the National Liberal Federation that he cannot attend its meetings and vote for a policy that proposes "immediate self-government" for the Boers after the war.

Mr. Pierpont Morgan has given a new name to a certain kind of American finance. It is called "Morgan-eering," and is ascribed to the ethics which governed the affairs of the old buccaneers on the Spanish Main. The most famous of them, by the way, was named Morgan. Is heredity at work? The American "Trusts" are increasing in strength and audacity, and it begins to dawn on the American people that "morgan-eering" does not benefit the community.

For the blind and crippled girls of the London slums a Holiday Home has been erected at Clacton-on-Sea. It is specially fitted up to meet the requirements of these afflicted girls, and they are sent down in small parties of about twenty all through the summer. They are permitted to stay a fortnight, or even longer in very needy cases. Ten shillings only will provide the entire cost of each child during this holiday rest. Subscriptions may be sent to the treasurer, Mr. F. A. Bevan, 54, Lombard Street, or to Mr. John A. Groom, 8, Sekford Street, Clerkenwell, E.C.

All the Society world of London is working heart and soul to make the Military Exhibition at the Crystal Palace in aid of the Soldiers and Sailors' Families Association a gigantic success worthy of the charity which is so much thought of by Queen Alexandra, and to which she is so much attached. The directors of the Crystal Palace have given a magnificent donation of guinea season tickets, up to 50,000 in number, as a free gift, to be sold for the benefit of the society in aid of which the exhibition is held. Mrs. George Alexander has formed a strong sub-committee for selling tickets.

Colonel Tom Price, as he is familiarly known in Melbourne, was the officer in command of the five hundred soldiers who received medals from the Duke of Cornwall and York at Melbourne on May 8. Thomas Caradoc Rose Price was born in Tasmania in 1842, and is a grandson of Sir Rose Price, Bart. He had been a Captain in the Madras S.C. before he went to Victoria to assist in organising the Australian Defence Force. The formation of that magnificent body of men, the Victorian Mounted Rifles, was his work, and in recognition of his services he was given the command of the second Victorian Contingent, which left for South Africa last year. Colonel Price is a widower; he married the elder sister of Sir Robert Baillie, fourth Baronet, of Polkemmet, Linlithgowshire, whose second sister is wife of the Hon. William Cavendish, Lord Chesham's brother.



Photo. Foster and Martin, Melbourne.

COLONEL T. C. R. PRICE,
Presented, with returned South African troops, to the Duke of Cornwall and York at Melbourne.

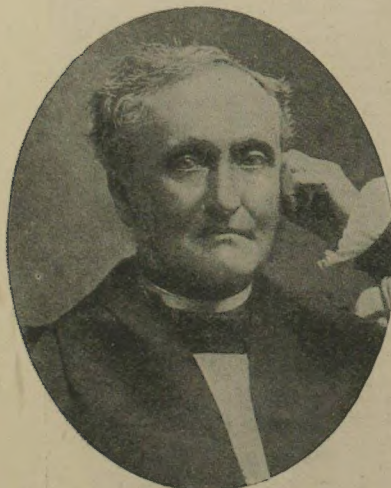


Photo. Russell.

THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF ONTARIO.

mother in Canada, at first acting as a missionary under the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. In 1861, on the erection of the see of Ontario, he was elected its first Bishop, the forty years of his episcopate witnessing vast developments of Church work, carried out under his direction. It was in 1893 that he was elected Archbishop and

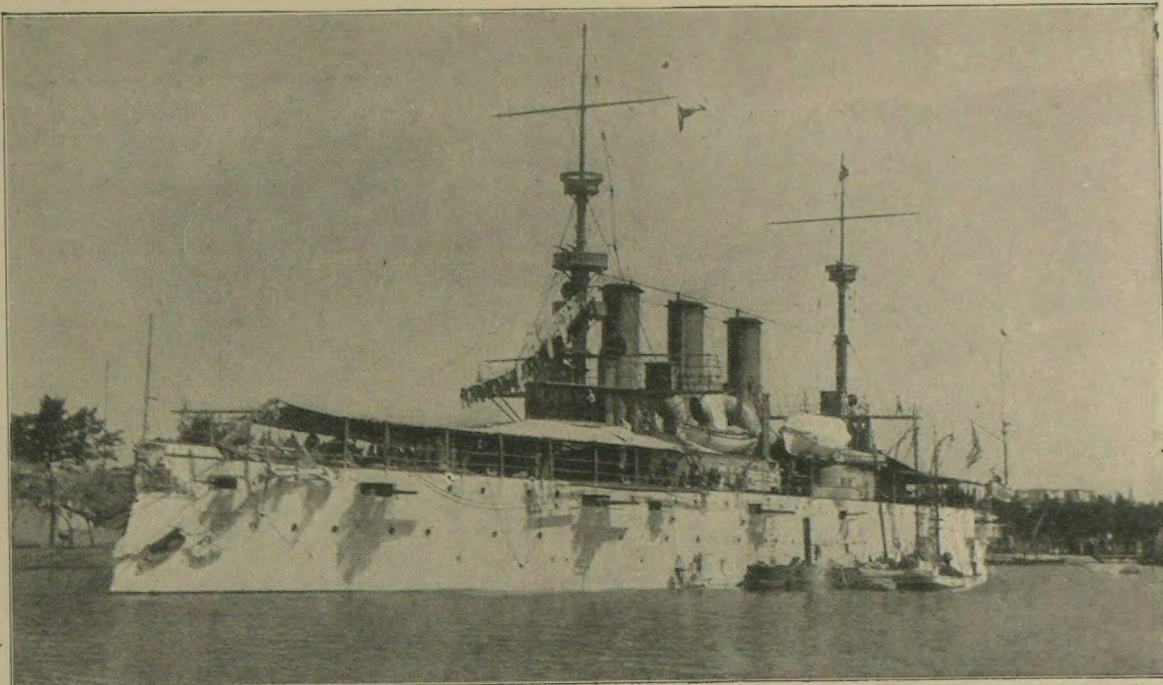
OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

LORD HOPETOUN IN MELBOURNE.

Our Illustrations carry us back to April 2, when Lord Hopetoun arrived in Melbourne to make preparations for the first meeting of the Federal Parliament of the Australian Commonwealth. The Governor-General arrived at three p.m. at Spencer Street Station, where a procession was immediately formed escorted by forty Mounted Rifles and an artillery escort. The Governor and his staff drove by way of Collins Street and Spring Street to Government House. Along the route they were everywhere received with enthusiasm by large crowds. Lord Hopetoun was welcomed on behalf of the State by the Lieutenant-Governor, by the Premier on behalf of the Ministry, and by Sir William Zeal on behalf of the Legislative Council. As the procession turned into Collins Street the royal salute was fired in the Domain.

THE PARLIAMENTARY GOLF HANDICAP.

Parliamentarians gathered together on the ground of the Cinque Ports Golf Club at Deal last Saturday, when a bright, windless day favoured the first stage of the Parliamentary Handicap. The competition began before ten, and was not finished by Mr. Balfour and Mr. Forster—the last pair out—until after five o'clock. Mr. Hayes Fisher had the management of the handicap, and a great share in the success of the meeting was due to Colonel Innes, the honorary secretary of the Cinque Ports Club. Mr. C. Eric Hambro, who long ago made his name upon the golf courses at St. Andrews, Sandwich, and elsewhere, astonished and delighted older members of Parliament by his play. He had the largest following in the field when he finished all square with bogey, his strokes being seventy-eight. The special prize went, of course, to reward the finest achievement in Parliamentary golf since Mr. Robertson's performance at Littlestone two summers



THE UNITED STATES CRUISER "NEW YORK," REPRESENTING THE UNITED STATES AT THE AUSTRALIAN FEDERAL DEMONSTRATIONS.

States at the Federal demonstrations. The *New York*, which was built in 1891, is of 8480 tons register, and carries a complement of 566 men. For armament she bears six eight-inch thirty-five calibre guns, twelve

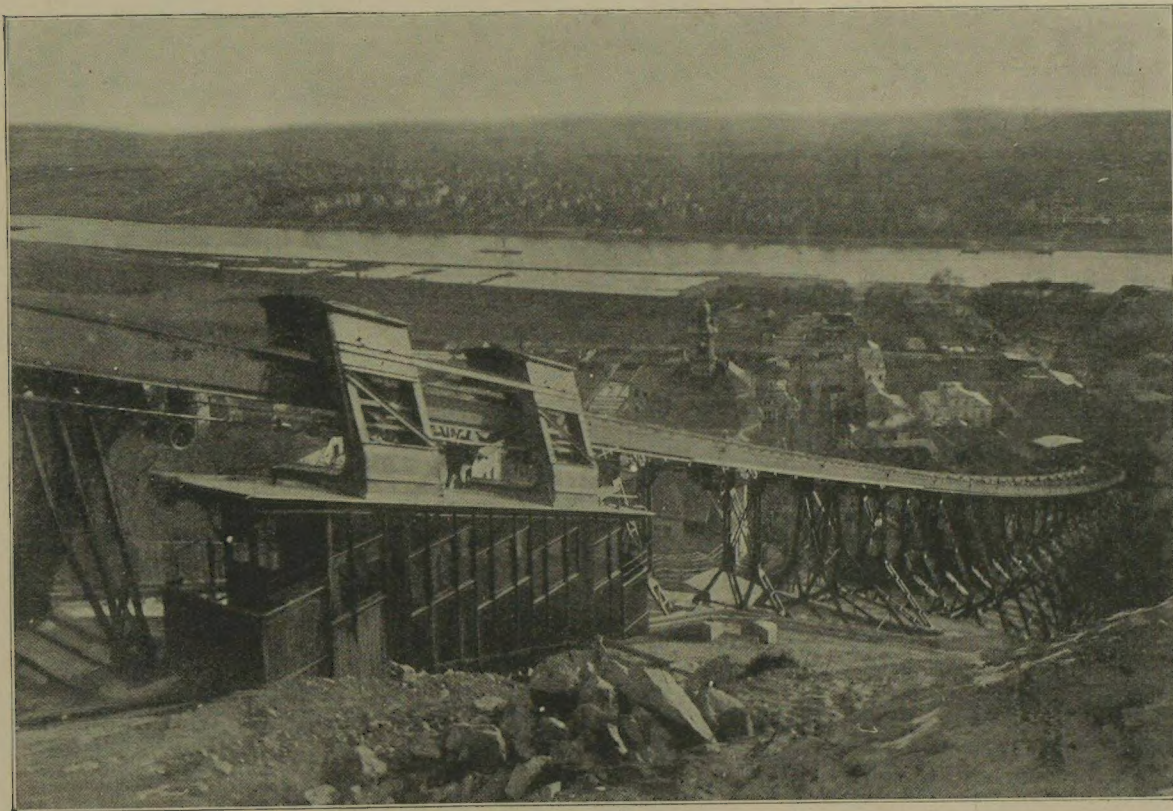
which the power is supplied by eight boilers. Her normal coal capacity is 750, her maximum 1170 tons, which is equivalent to the supply required for a voyage of 10,000 miles at a speed of ten knots an hour.

A NEW AERIAL RAILWAY.

The Loschwitz Suspended Railway, which has taken the place of the cable-road on the heights of Loschwitz, near Dresden, was opened on May 6. The new road is about 1000 ft. in length, and is built on thirty-two piers. From the lower station, situated not far from Loschwitz Church, the road runs along the Victoria-strasse, leading to Roschwitz Plateau, and thence to the Loschwitz Plateau. The cars run on a single rail and are suspended beneath this rail. One rail is for cars going one way, the other for cars proceeding in the opposite direction.

A CAMPAIGN AGAINST MALARIA.

The establishment of the theory that malaria is produced not by the poisonous exhalations from marshy ground, but by mosquito-bites, has led to certain precautionary experiments which have lately been carried out in the Roman Campagna. The scientific world took the liveliest interest in the proceedings, which were conducted by Dr. Celli in the Campagna, and by Dr. Grassi in the neighbourhood of Pæstum. Dr. Koch came from Berlin to study the methods, and the English Government sent a representative. The English Commissioners built a chalet near the famous Pond of Ostia, the most malarial spot in the Campagna. The programme of experiments had for its main objects the preservation of the inhabitants from mosquito-stings and the destruction of malarial germs in persons already attacked. The experiments were carried out on the staff of the Campagna railways, who were enjoined to remain indoors after sunset, and not to go out without a veil and gloves. Doors, windows, and chimney-tops were defended by cages of fine wire netting, and large spaces were also enclosed with wire netting to enable the railway employees to take the air in safety. Those who took the prescribed precautions enjoyed complete immunity from the disease, and offered a striking contrast to the peasants, who, though sadly afflicted by it, were not slow to jeer at the experimental methods. An organised campaign against malaria has this year been carried out. Travelling ambulances equipped with a staff of thirty doctors have treated a large number of patients, sending the gravest cases to the hospitals in Rome. King Humbert subscribed largely to the scheme.



NEW AERIAL RAILWAY NEAR DRESDEN.

ago. Mr. Balfour was something like ten or twelve down, and he did not return his card. Besides Mr. Eric Hambro, the first sixteen included Mr. A. Lyttelton, Sir W. Houldsworth, Mr. Marshall Hall, Mr. Soames, Captain Sinclair, and Mr. Guy Pym.

THE JUBILEE STAKES AT KEMPTON PARK.

The Great Jubilee Handicap of 3000 sovereigns was run on Saturday, May 11, at Kempton Park, on the new Jubilee Course, one mile and a quarter. Never before had this race, founded to commemorate the first Jubilee of Queen Victoria, attracted quite so many as twenty-two runners. Mr. George Edwardes's Santoi, ridden by F. Rickaby, maintained a neck advantage over Lord Wolverton's Caiman, ridden by M. Cannon. Mr. J. Joicey's Alvescot, ridden by Saunders, came in third, getting 100 sovereigns, as Caiman, for the second place, got 200 sovereigns. The American four-year-old, Kilmarnock II., owned by Mr. W. Whitney and ridden by L. Reiff, was the favourite, but had to be content with the fourth place. Prince Soltkyoff's Ninus and Sir J. B. Maple's St. Nydia were among the less fortunate runners.

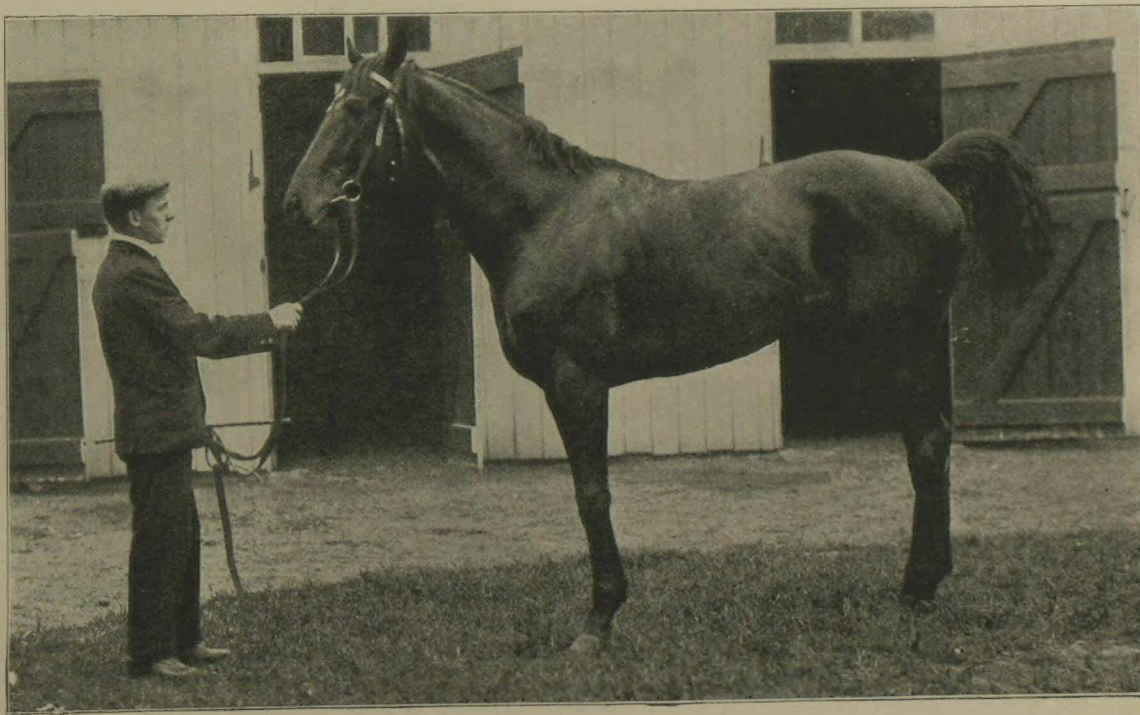
POLO AT HURLINGHAM.

At Hurlingham, on Saturday afternoon last week, members of the club and their friends gathered together in large numbers to watch the polo-playing. The match was between the home club and the London Polo Club. The team that was upon its own ground held it victoriously against the visitors, who were beaten by sixteen goals to one. At the Ranelagh Club on the same afternoon the Warwickshire team drew with the home side at four goals each.

THE UNITED STATES CRUISER
"NEW YORK."

Our Illustration of the United States armoured cruiser and flag-ship *New York* was taken at Suez while the vessel was on her way to Australia to represent the United

four-inch quick-firers, eight six-pounders, and eight other quick-firers. She has also six above-water torpedo-tubes. Her armour is of Harveyised steel, and behind her armour-belt is a skin of cellulose. Her indicated horse-power is 17,400, and on her trial she made twenty-one knots. The *New York* has two screws and four sets of engines, for



MR. GEORGE EDWARDES'S SANTOI, WINNER OF THE JUBILEE HANDICAP AT KEMPTON PARK.

Mr. W. Jeans (Pres^s). Mr. Faithfull Begg. Sir Fred. Cook.



Mr. J. C. Macdona. Mr. Guy Pym. Sir J. Brunner. The Hon. E. P. Thesiger. Mr. J. D. Shaw (Press). Mr. Seton-Karr. Mr. Williams.

THE PARLIAMENTARY GOLF HANDICAP AT DEAL ON MAY 11.
Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

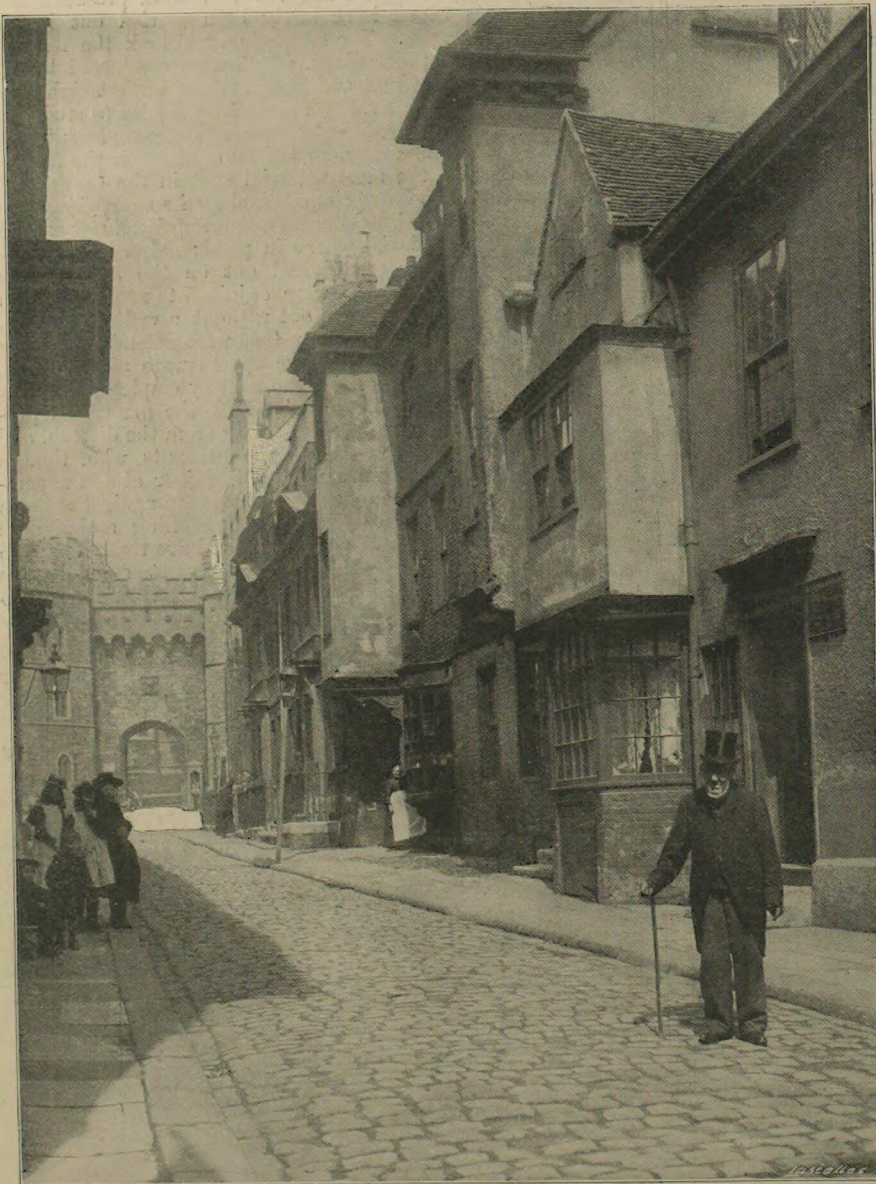


Photo. H. W. Macdonald, Eton.

OLD HOUSES IN CHURCH STREET, WINDSOR, ABOUT TO BE DEMOLISHED.

The lamp on the right marks Nell Gwyn's house. In the foreground is a portrait of "Old Gunning," the Castle guide.



Photo. H. W. Macdonald, Eton.

A NEARER VIEW OF NELL GWYN'S HOUSE, WINDSOR.

The house in question is that with the boys on the doorstep.

The Would-be-Goods.

THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMS.

By E. NESBIT.

*

Illustrated by Arthur H. Buckland.

THE author of these few lines really does hope to goodness that no one will be such an owl as to think, from the number of things we did when we were in the country, that we were wretched, neglected little children, whose grown-up relations sparkled in the bright haunts of pleasure, and whirled in the giddy wharfs—name of fashion while we were left to weep forsaken at home. It was nothing of the kind, and I wish you to know that my father was with us a good deal, and Albert's uncle—who is really no uncle of ours, but only of Albert next door when we lived in Lewisham—gave up a good many of his valuable hours to us. And the father of Denny and Daisy, once thought to be a robber, came now and then, and other people, quite as many as we wished to see. And we had some very decent times with them, and enjoyed ourselves very much indeed, thank you. In some ways the good times you have with grown-ups are better than the ones you have by yourselves. At any rate, they are safer. It is almost impossible then to do anything fatal without being pulled up short by a grown-up ere yet the deed is done. And, if you are careful, anything that goes wrong can be looked upon as the grown-up's fault. But these secure pleasures are not so interesting to tell about as the things you do when there is no one to stop you on the edge of the rash act.

It is curious, too, that many of our most interesting

The rest of us were trying to make him shut up. We put a carpet-bag over his head, but he went on inside it; and then we sat on him—but he sang under us. We held him upside down, and made him crawl head first under the sofa; but when even there he kept it up, we saw that nothing short of violence would induce him to silence, so we let him go. And then he said we had hurt him, and we said we were only in fun, and he said if we were he wasn't, and ill-feeling might have grown up even out of a playful brotherly act like ours had been, only Alice chucked the Halma and said—

"Let dogs delight. Come on—let's play something."

Then Dora said, "Yes, but look here. Now we're altogether I do want to say something. What about the Would-be-Goods Society?"

Many of us groaned, and one said "Hear, hear!" I will not say which one, but it was not Oswald.

"No, but really," Dora said, "I don't want to be preachy—but you know we *did* say we'd try to be good. And it says in a book I was reading only yesterday that *not* being naughty is not enough. You must *be* good. And we've hardly done anything. The golden deed book's almost empty."

"Couldn't we have a book of leaden deeds?" said Noël, coming out of his poetry, "then there'd be plenty for Alice to write about if she wants to. Or brass or zinc

thought of that just now. I wish Noël would make a poem about it."

"I am," Noël said; "it began about a crocodile, but it is finishing itself up quite different from what I meant it to at first. Just wait a minute."

He wrote very hard while his kind brothers and sisters and his little friends waited a minute, and then he read—

"The crocodile is very wise,
He lives in the Nile with little eyes;
He eats the hippopotamus too,
And if he could, he would eat up you."

"The lovely woods and starry skies
He looks upon with glad surprise;
He sees the riches of the East,
And the tiger and lion, kings of beasts."

"So let all be good and beware,
Of saying shan't, and won't, and don't care;
For doing wrong is easier far
Than any of the right things I know about are."

And I couldn't make it king of beasts, because of it not rhyming with east, so I put the 's' off beasts on to king. It comes even in the end."

We all said it was a very nice piece of poetry. Noël gets really ill if you don't like what he writes, and then he said: "If it's trying that's wanted, I don't care how hard we *try* to be good; but we may as well do it some nice way. Let's be Pilgrim's Progress, like I wanted to at first."

And we were all beginning to say we didn't want to



Denny sat down on a heap of stones by the roadside.

games happened when grown-ups were far away. For instance, when we were pilgrims.

It was just after the Dentist had killed the fox we got into such a row about, and it was a wet day. It is not so easy to amuse yourself indoors on a wet day as older people seem to think, especially when you are far removed from your own home, and haven't got all your own books and things. The girls were playing Halma—which is a beastly game—Noël was writing poetry, H. O. was singing "I don't know what to do" to the tune of "Canaan's happy shore." It goes like this, and is very tiresome to listen to—

I don't know what to do—oo—oo!
I don't know what to do—oo—oo!
It is a beastly rainy day,
And I don't know what to do.

or aluminium deeds? We shan't ever fill the book with golden ones."

H. O. had rolled himself in the red tablecloth, and said Noël was only advising us to be naughty, and again peace waved in the balance. But Alice said, "Oh, H. O., *don't!*" He didn't mean that; but really and truly, I wish wrong things weren't so interesting. You begin to do a noble act, and then it gets so exciting, and before you know where you are, you are doing something wrong as hard as you can lick."

"And enjoying it too," Dickie said.
"It's very curious," Denny said; "but you don't seem to be able to be certain inside yourself whether what you're doing is right, if you happen to like doing it, but if you don't like doing it you know quite well. I only

when suddenly Dora said, "Oh, look here! I know. We'll be the Canterbury Pilgrims. People used to go pilgrimages to make themselves good."

"With peas in their shoes," Denny said. "It's in a piece of poetry—only the man boiled his peas, which is quite unfair."

"Oh yes," said H. O., "and cocked hats."

"Not cocked—cockled." It was Alice who said this. "And they had staffs and scrips, and they told each other tales. We might as well."

Oswald and Dora had been reading about the Canterbury Pilgrims in a book called "A Short History of the English People." It is not at all short really—three fat volumes—but it has jolly good pictures. It was written by a gentleman named Green. So Oswald said—

"All right. I'll be the Knight."
 "I'll be the Wife of Bath," Dora said. "What will you be, Dickie?"
 "Oh, I don't care; I'll be Mr. Bath if you like."
 "We don't know much about the people," Alice said.
 "How many were there?"
 "Thirty," Oswald replied; "but we needn't be all of them. There's the Nun-Priest."
 "Is that a man or a woman?"

Oswald said he could not be sure by the picture, but Alice and Noël could be it between them. So that was settled. Then we got the book and looked at the dresses—to see if we could dress up for the parts. At first we thought we would, because it would be something to do, and it was a very wet day; but they looked difficult, especially the Miller's. Denny wanted to be the Miller, but in the end he was the Doctor, because it was next door to Dentist, which is what we call him for short. Daisy was to be the Prioress—because she is good, and has a "soft, little red mouth"—and H. O. would be the Manciple (I don't know what that is), because the picture of him is bigger than most of the others, and he said Manciple was a nice portmanteau word—half Mandarin and half disciple.

"Let's get the easiest parts of the dresses ready first," Alice said—"the pilgrims' staffs and hats and the coggles."

So Oswald and Dickie braved the fury of the elements and went into the wood beyond the orchard to cut ash sticks. We got eight jolly good long ones. Then we took them home, and the girls bothered till we changed our clothes, which were indeed sopping with the elements we had faced.

Then we peeled the sticks. They were nice and white at first, but they soon got dirty when we carried them. It is a curious thing: however often you wash your hands, they always seem to come off on anything white. And we nailed paper rosettes to the tops of them. That was the nearest we could get to cockle-shells.

"And we may as well have them there as well as on our hats," Alice said. "And let's call each other by our right names to-day, just to get into it. Don't you think so, Knight?"

"Yea, Nun-Priest," Oswald was replying; but Noël said she was only half the Nun-Priest, and again a threat of unpleasantness darkened the air. But Alice said—

"Don't be a piggy-wiggy, Noël dear; you can have it all, I don't want it. I'll just be a plain Pilgrim, or Henry who killed Becket."

So she was called the Plain Pilgrim, and she did not mind.

We thought of cocked hats, but they are warm to wear, and the big garden-hats that make you look like pictures on the covers of plantation songs did beautifully. We put paper cockle-shells on them. Sandals we did try—with pieces of oil-cloth cut the shape of soles and fastened with tape; but the dust gets into your toes so, and we decided boots were better for such a long walk. Some of the Pilgrims who were very earnest decided to tie their boots with white tape, crossed outside to pretend sandals. Denny was one of these earnest Palmers. As for dresses, there was no time to make them properly, and at first we thought night-gowns, but we decided not to, in case people in Canterbury were not used to that sort of pilgrim nowadays. We made up our minds to go as we were—or as we might happen to be next day.

You will be ready to believe we hoped next day would be fine. It was.

Fair was the morn when the Pilgrims arose and went down to breakfast. Albert's uncle had breakfast early, and was hard at work in his study. We heard his quill-pen squeaking when we listened at the door. It is not wrong to listen at doors when there is only one person inside, because nobody would tell itself secrets aloud when it was alone.

We got lunch from the housekeeper, Mrs. Pettigrew. She seems almost to like us all to go out and take our lunch with us, though I should think it must be very dull for her all alone. I remember, though, that Eliza, our late general at Lewisham, was just the same. We took the dear dogs, of course. Since the Tower of Mystery happened we are not allowed to go anywhere without the escort of these faithful friends of man. We did not take Martha, because bull-dogs do not like long walks. Remember this if you ever have one of these valuable animals.

When we were all ready, with our big hats and cockle-shells and our staves and our tape sandals, the Pilgrims looked very nice.

"Only we haven't any scrips," Dora said.

"What is a scrip?"

"I think it's something to read. A roll of parchment or something."

So we had old newspapers rolled up, and carried them in our hands. We took the *Globe* and the *Westminster Gazette* because they are pink and green. Denny wore his white sand-shoes sandalled with black tape. They really looked almost as good as bare feet.

"We ought to have peas in our shoes," he said. But we did not think so. We knew what a very little stone in your boot will do—let alone peas.

Of course we knew the way to go to Canterbury, because the old Pilgrims' Road runs just above our house. It is a very pretty road, narrow, and often shady. It is nice for walking, but carts do not like it because it is rough and rutty; so there is grass growing in patches on it.

I have said that it was a fine day, which means that it was not raining; but the sun did not shine all the time.

"Tis well, O Knight," said Alice, "that the orb of day shines not in undiwhatsnamed splendour."

"Thou sayest sooth, Plain Pilgrim," replied Oswald.

"Tis jolly warm even as it is."

"I wish I wasn't two people," Noël said; "it seems to make me hotter. I think I'll be a Reeve or something."

But we would not let him, and we explained that if he hadn't been so beastly particular Alice would have been half of him, and he had only himself to thank if being all of a Nun-Priest made him hot.

But it was warm certainly, and it was some time since we'd gone so far in boots. Yet when H. O. complained we did our duty as Pilgrims, and made him shut up. He did as soon as Alice said that about whining and grizzling being below the dignity of a Manciple.

It was so warm that the Prioress and the Wife of Bath gave up walking with their arms round each other in their

usual silly way (Albert's uncle calls it Laura-Matilda-ing), and the Doctor and Mr. Bath had to take their jackets off and carry them.

I am sure if an artist or a photographer, or a person who liked Pilgrims had seen us he would have been very pleased. The paper cockle-shells were first-rate, but it was awkward having them on the top of the staffs, because they got in your way when you wanted the staff to use as a walking-stick.

We stepped out like a man, all of us, and kept it up as well as we could in book-talk, and at first all was merry as a dinner-bell; but presently Oswald, who was the "very perfect gentle Knight," could not help noticing that one of us was growing very silent and rather pale—like people are when they have eaten something that disagrees with them, before they are quite sure of the fell truth.

So he said, "What's up, Dentist, old man?" quite kindly and like a perfect Knight, though, of course, he was annoyed with Denny. It is sickening when people turn pale in the middle of a game and everything is spoiled, and you have to go home, and tell the spoiler how sorry you are that he is knocked up, and pretend not to mind about the game being spoiled.

Denny said "Nothing," but Oswald knew better.

Then Alice said, "Let's rest a bit, Oswald; it is hot."

"Sir Oswald, if you please, Plain Pilgrim," returned her brother dignifiedly; "remember, I'm a Knight."

So then we sat down and had lunch, and Denny looked better. We played Adverbs and Twenty Questions and Apprenticing your Son, for a bit in the shade, and then Dickie said it was time to set sail if we meant to make the port of Canterbury that night. Of course, Pilgrims reck naught of ports, but Dickie never does play the game thoroughly.

We went on. I believe we should have got to Canterbury all right, and quite early, only Denny got paler and paler, and presently Oswald saw, beyond any doubt, that he was beginning to walk lame.

"Shoes hurt you, Dentist?" he said, still with kind, striving cheerfulness.

"Not much—it's all right," returned the other.

So on we went; but we were all a bit tired now, and the sun was hotter and hotter—the clouds had gone away. We had to begin to sing to keep up our spirits. We sang "The British Grenadiers" and "John Brown's Body," which is grand to march to, and a lot of others. We were just starting on "Tramp, tramp, tramp, the Boys are Marching," when Denny stopped short. He stood first on one foot and then on the other, and suddenly screwed up his face and put his knuckles in his eyes and sat down on a heap of stones by the roadside.

When we pulled his hands down he was actually crying. The author does not wish to say it is babyish to cry.

"Whatever is up?" we all asked; and Daisy and Dora petted him to get him to say; but he only went on howling, and said it was nothing; only would we go on and leave him, and call for him as we came back.

Oswald thought very likely something had given Denny the stomach-ache, and he did not like to say so before all of us; so he sent the others away and told them to walk on a bit.

Then he said, "Now, Denny, don't be a young ass! What is it? Is it stomach-ache?"

And Denny stopped crying to say "No" as loud as he could.

"Well, then," Oswald said, "look here, you're spoiling the whole thing. Don't be a jack-ape, Denny. What is it?"

"You won't tell the others if I tell you?"

"Not if you say not," Oswald answered in kindly tones.

"Well—it's my shoes."

"Take them off, man."

"You won't laugh?"

"No!" cried Oswald, so impatiently that the others looked back to see why he was shouting. He waved them away, and with humble gentleness began to undo Denny's black tape sandals. Denny let him, crying hard all the time.

When Oswald had got off the first shoe the mystery was made plain to him.

"Well! Of all the——" he said, in proper indignation.

Denny quailed—though he says he did not; but then he doesn't know what quailing is, and if Denny did not quail then Oswald does not know what quailing is either.

For when Oswald took the shoe off he naturally chucked it down and gave it a kick, and a lot of little pinky-yellow things rolled out. And Oswald looked closer at the interesting sight. And the little things were split peas.

"Perhaps you'll tell me," said the gentle Knight with the politeness of despair, "why on earth you've played the goat like this?"

"Oh, don't be angry!" Denny said, and now his shoes were off he curled and uncurled his toes and stopped crying. "I knew Pilgrims put peas in their shoes—and—oh, I wish you wouldn't laugh!"

"I'm not," said Oswald, still with bitter politeness.

"I didn't want to tell you I was going to because I wanted to be better than all of you, and I thought if you knew I was going to you'd want to too, and you wouldn't when I said it first. So I just put some split peas in my pocket, and dropped one or two at a time into my shoes when you weren't looking."

In his secret heart Oswald said: "Greedy young ass." For it is greedy to want to have more of anything than other people—even goodness.

Outwardly, Oswald said nothing.

"You see," Denny went on, "I do want to be good. And if pilgriming is to do you good, you ought to do it properly. I shouldn't mind being hurt in my feet if it would make me good for ever and ever. And besides—I wanted to play the game thoroughly. You always say I don't."

The breast of the kind Oswald was touched by these last words.

"I think you're quite good enough," he said. "I'll fetch back the others—no, they won't laugh."

And they all came back to Denny, and the girls made a fuss with him. But Oswald and Dickie were grave, and stood aloof. They were old enough to see that being good

was all very well, but, after all, you had to get the boy home somehow.

When they said this as agreeably as they could, Denny said—

"It's all right—someone will give me a lift."

"You think everything in the world can be put right with a lift," Dickie said, and he did not speak lovingly.

"So it can," said Denny, "when it's your feet. I shall easily get a lift home."

"Not here you won't," said Alice. "No one goes down this road; but the high-road's just round the corner, where you see the telegraph-wires."

Dickie and Oswald made a sedan-chair and carried Denny to the high-road, and we sat down in a ditch to wait. For a long time nothing went by but a brewer's dray. We hailed it, of course, but the man was so sound asleep that our hails were in vain, and none of us thought soon enough about springing like a flash to the horses' heads, though we all thought of it directly the dray was out of sight.

So we had to keep on sitting there by the dusty road, and more than one Pilgrim was heard to say it wished we had never come. Oswald was not one of those who uttered this useless wish.

At last, just when despair was beginning to eat into the vital parts of even Oswald, there was a quick tap-tapping of a horse's feet on the road, and a dogcart came in sight with a young lady in it all alone.

We hailed her like the desperate shipwrecked mariners in the long-boat hail the passing sail.

She pulled up. She was not a very old lady—twenty-five, we found out afterwards, her age was—and she looked jolly.

"Well," she said, "what's the matter?"

"It's this poor little boy," Dora said, pointing to Denny, who had gone to sleep in the dry ditch with his mouth open as usual; "his feet hurt him so, and will you give him a lift?"

"But why are you all rigged out like this?" asked the lady, looking at our cockle-shells and sandals and things.

We told her.

"And how has he hurt his feet?" she asked.

And we told her that.

She looked very kind. "Poor little chap!" she said. "Where do you want to go?"

We told her that too. We had no concealments from this lady.

"Well," she said, "I have to go on to—what is its name?"

"Canterbury," said H. O.

"Well, yes—Canterbury," she said; "it's only about half a mile. I'll take the poor little Pilgrim and—yes—the three girls. You boys must walk. Then we'll have tea and see the sights, and I'll drive you home—at least, some of you. How will that do?"

We thanked her very much indeed, and said it would do very nicely.

Then we helped Denny into the cart, and the girls got in, and the red wheels of the cart spun away through the dust.

"I wish it had been an omnibus the lady was driving," said H. O., "then we could all have had a ride."

"Don't you be so discontented," Dickie said.

And Noël said—

"You ought to be jolly thankful you haven't got to carry Denny all the way home on your back. You'd have had to if you'd been out alone with him."

When we got to Canterbury it was much smaller than we expected, and the Cathedral not much bigger than the church we go to at the Moat House. There seemed to be only one big street, but we supposed the rest of the city was hidden away somewhere.

There was a large inn, with a green before it, and the red-wheeled dogcart was standing in the stable-yard, and the lady, with Denny and the others, sitting on the benches in the porch looking out for us. The inn was called the George and Dragon, and it made me think of the days when there were coaches and highwaymen and footpads and jolly landlords, and adventures at country inns, like you read about.

"We've ordered tea," said the lady; "would you like to wash your hands?" We saw that she wished us to, so we said yes, we would. The girls and Denny were already much cleaner than when we parted from them.

There was a courtyard to the inn and a wooden staircase outside the house. We were taken up this, and washed our hands in a big room with a four-post wooden bed and dark red hangings, just the sort of hangings that would not show the stains of gore in the dear old adventurous times.

Then we had tea, in a great big room with wooden chairs and tables—very polished and old.

It was very nice tea, with lettuces and cold meat and three kinds of jam as well as cake, and new bread, which we are not allowed at home.

While tea was being had the lady talked to us. She was very kind. There are two sorts of people in the world, besides others—one sort understand what you're driving at and the other don't. This lady was the one sort.

After everyone had had as much to eat as they could possibly want, the lady said: "What was it you particularly wanted to see at Canterbury?"

"The Cathedral," Alice said, "and the place where Thomas à-Becket was murdered."

"And the Danejohn," said Dickie.

Oswald wanted to see the walls, because he likes the story of St. Alphege and the Danes.

"Well, well," said the lady, and she put on her hat. It was a really sensible one—not a blob of fluffy stuff and feathers put on sideways and stuck on with long pins, and no shade to your face—but almost as big as ours, with a big brim and red flowers, and black strings to tie under the chin to keep it from falling off.

Then we went out all together to see Canterbury. Dickie and Oswald took it in turns to carry Denny on their backs. The lady called him "The Wounded Comrade."

We went first to the church. Oswald, whose quick brain was easily aroused to suspicions, was afraid the lady might begin talking in the church, but she did not. The church door was open. I remember Mother telling us once it was right and good for churches to be left open all day, so that tired people could go in and be quiet, and

say their prayers if they wanted to. But it does not seem respectful to talk out loud in church.

When we got outside the lady said: "You can imagine how on the Chancel steps began the mad struggle in which Becket, after hurling one of his assailants, armour and all, to the ground—"

"It would have been much cleverer," H. O. interrupted, "to hurl him without his armour, and leave that standing up."

"Go on," said Alice and Oswald, when they had given H. O. a withering glance. And the lady did go on. She told us all about Becket, and then about St. Alphege, who had bones thrown at him till he died, because he wouldn't tax his poor people to please the beastly rotten Danes.

And Denny recited a piece of poetry he knows called the "Ballad of Canterbury."

It begins about Danish war-ships being snake-shaped, and ends about doing as you'd be done by. It is long, but it has all the beef-bones in it, and all about St. Alphege.

Then the lady showed us the Danejohn, and it was like an oasthouse. And Canterbury walls, that Alphege defied the Danes from, looked down on a quiet common farmyard.

Oswald up, and he liked her for using it, though he wondered why she said chariots. When we got back to the inn I saw her dogcart was there and a grocer's cart, too, with "B. Munn, grocer, Hazelbridge," on it. She took the girls in her cart, and we boys went with the grocer. His horse was a very good one to go, only you had to hit it with the wrong end of the whip. But the cart was very bumpety.

The evening dews were falling—at least, I suppose so, but you do not feel dew in a grocer's cart. When we reached home we all thanked the lady very much, and said we hoped we should see her again some day. She said she hoped so.

The grocer drove off, and when we had all shaken hands with the lady and kissed her, according as we were boys or girls or little boys, she drove away. As we turned to go in Albert's uncle came into our midst like a whirling wind.

"Who was that lady?" he said. "Where did you meet her?"

Mindful, as ever, of what he was told, Oswald began to tell the story from the beginning.

"The other day, Protector of the Poor," he began,

"Perhaps he's only in love with her," Dora said. "Parted by cruel fate at an early age, he has ranged the wide world over trying to find her."

"I hope to goodness he hasn't; anyway, he's not ranged since we knew him—never further than Hastings," Oswald said. "We don't want any of that rot."

"What rot?" Daisy asked. And Oswald said—

"Getting married, and all that sort of rubbish."

And Daisy and Dora were the only ones that didn't agree with him.

When Albert's uncle returned he was very hot, with a beaded brow, but pale as the Dentist when the peas were at their worst.

"Did you catch her?" H. O. asked.

Albert's uncle's brow looked black as the cloud the thunder will presently break from.

"No," he said.

"Is she your long-lost sister?" H. O. went on, before we could stop him.

"Long-lost grandmother! I knew the lady long ago in India," said Albert's uncle, as he left the room, slamming the door in a way we should be forbidden to.



Denny recited a piece of poetry he knows called the "Ballad of Canterbury."

The hospital was like a barn, and other things were like other things, but we went all about and enjoyed it very much. The lady was very amusing. And talked like a real Cathedral Guide I met afterwards. When at last we said we thought Canterbury was very small considering, the lady said—

"Well, it seemed a pity to come so far and not at least hear something about Canterbury."

And then at once we knew the worst, and Alice said—

"What a horrid sell!"

But Oswald, with immediate courteousness, said—

"I don't care. You did it awfully well."

And he did not say—though he owns he thought of it—"I knew it all the time," though it was a great temptation. Because really it was more than half true. He had felt from the first that it was too small for Canterbury.

The real name of the place was Hazelbridge, and not Canterbury at all. We went to Canterbury another time.

We were not angry with the lady for selling us about it being Canterbury, because she had really kept it up first rate. And she asked us if we minded, very handsomely, and we said we liked it. But now we did not care how soon we got home. The lady saw this, and said—

"Come, our chariots are ready, and our horses caparisoned."

That is a first-rate word out of a book. It cheered

"Dora and I were reading about the Canterbury Pilgrims—"

Oswald thought Albert's uncle would be pleased to find his instructions about beginning at the beginning had borne fruit, but instead he interrupted—

"Stow it, you young duffer! Where did you meet her?"

Oswald answered briefly, in wounded accents, "Hazelbridge."

Then Albert's uncle rushed upstairs three at a time, and as he went he called out to Oswald—

"Get out my bike, old man, and blow up the back tyre."

I am sure Oswald was as quick as anyone could have been, but long ere the tyre was thoroughly blown Oswald's uncle appeared, with a collar-stud and tie and blazer, and his hair tidy, and wrenched the inoffending machine from Oswald's surprised fingers.

He finished pumping up the tyre, and then flinging himself into the saddle, he set off scorching down the road at a pace not surpassed by any highwayman, however black and high-mettled his steed.

"I wonder if he'll catch her," Noël said. "I'm quite certain all his future depends on it. Perhaps she's his long-lost sister, and the estate was left to them equally, only she couldn't be found, so it couldn't be shared up."

And that was the end of the Canterbury Pilgrimage.

As for the lady, we did not then know whether she was his long-lost grandmother that he had known in India or not, though we thought she seemed youngish for the part. We found out afterwards whether she was or not—but that comes in another tale. His manner was not the one that makes you go on asking questions.

The Canterbury Pilgrimage did not exactly make us perfect; but then, as Dora said, we had not done anything wrong that day. So we were twenty-four hours to the good.

Note.—Afterwards we went and saw real Canterbury. It is very large. A disagreeable man showed us round the Cathedral, and jawed all the time quite loud, as if it wasn't a church. I remember one thing he said. It was this—

"This is the Dean's Chapel: it was the Lady Chapel in the wicked days when people used to worship the Virgin Mary."

And H. O. said: "I suppose they worship the Dean now?"

Some strange people who were there laughed out loud. I think this is worse in church than not taking your cap off when you come in, as H. O. forgot to do, because the Cathedral was so big he didn't think it was a church.

This ends "The Canterbury Pilgrims."



POLO AT HURLINGHAM, MAY 11.

DRAWN BY RALPH CLEAVER.



N.K.MCK

Photo. W. and D. Downey.

THE LATEST PORTRAITS OF KING EDWARD VII. AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA,
In the State Robes worn at the Opening of the First Parliament of the Reign, February 14, 1901.

THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND YORK'S COLONIAL TOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GORDON AND GOTCH.



PUBLIC WORKS OFFICE, ADELAIDE



CIRCULAR QUAY, SYDNEY



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, MELBOURNE



LAW COURTS, MELBOURNE



BRISBANE



HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, BRISBANE

THE FIRST FEDERAL PARLIAMENT OF THE AUSTRALASIAN COMMONWEALTH.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. R. MANN.



ARRIVAL OF LORD HOPETOUN, GOVERNOR-GENERAL, IN MELBOURNE, TO PREPARE FOR THE OPENING OF THE FEDERAL PARLIAMENT:
THE PROCESSION PASSING THE TOWN HALL, APRIL 2, 1901.



THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S PROCESSION PASSING UP COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE.



Photo. Mason, Portsmouth.

THE NEW 9.2 NAVAL GUN ON VICKERS-MAXIM MOUNTING.

THE NEW NAVAL GUN.

Our first-class cruisers now in course of completion are being armed with a new gun. The weapon is known as the 9.2 marked 10 twenty-eight ton gun, and is taking the place of heavier guns on account of its great range and rapidity of firing. With a charge of 103 lb. of cordite it can throw a shell weighing 380 lb. to a distance of fifteen miles. It is noteworthy that the weapon is being fitted with the new Vickers-Maxim mounting, which weighs 150 tons.

THE NEW SMOKE-CAP FOR FIREMEN.

The smoking-cap has its antithesis in the smoke-cap. The Handy Man is hardly to be recognised in the headgear which is now stocked in the "Carpenter's Stores," and served out to all ships of war. The Vajen-Bader variety of helmet is that which is now in vogue. It has a list of merits of its own. The wearer can hear, see, and breathe without any accessory hose or chemicals. The small pump shown in the corner of the box is the one, needful adjunct, and it is used to force air into the reservoir behind the helmet. This new hat, which is lighted rather than light, and which fairly outdoes that of the diver, is fastened on by straps that pass under the arms of the wearer.



Photo. J. Fuller.

THE VAJEN-BADER SMOKE-CAP.

THE "WARRIOR" FIGURE-HEAD.

The type of our ironclads has altered greatly since the first of them, the *Warrior*, was built. That vessel has long ceased to play her part in the British Navy, but her figure-head, erected at the entrance to Portsmouth Dockyard, remains to keep her memory alive and to recall the days of the transition from wooden to iron walls in our scheme of national defence. The landsman accustomed to view a ship from a distance seldom realises how formidable a piece of sculpture a figure-head really is until he sees it confronting and towering above him on a pedestal. An opportunity of forming a correct estimate of the massive figures which

used to adorn the prows of our war-ships is now afforded to visitors to Portsmouth Dockyard.

H.M.S. "ABOUKIR."

The new first-class twin-screw armoured cruiser *Aboukir*, recently built by the Fairfield Company at Glasgow, has

duration at four-fifths power, and a run of eight hours at full power. On the first occasion she made a speed of 14.4 knots, on the second 20.42 knots, and the final trial showed a speed by patent log of 21.604 knots. The trials lasted over a period of nine days, and at the conclusion of the runs the vessel was tested for starting and stopping. She was then taken into Portsmouth Dockyard to receive her final equipment. On her final trial the *Aboukir* worked up full power in less than two hours.

THE STRANDING OF THE "TANTALLON CASTLE."

On Tuesday, May 7, considerable anxiety was felt in Cape Town concerning the *Tantallon Castle*, one of the largest and fastest of the Union-Castle Line's fleet of steamers. At 5.30 p.m. that day the vessel was twelve hours overdue, and rumour had it that a large steamer was ashore on Robber's Island at the entrance to Table Bay. There was a thick fog at the time, and four tugs and a life-boat were sent out to investigate the rumour, which turned out, most unfortunately, to be true. The *Tantallon Castle* had struck at four o'clock while going dead slow. It was believed at first that she had grounded only on sand with a light shock, and was quite undamaged. Order was maintained, and signals were made for assistance. On the arrival of the tugs, the passengers were transhipped without difficulty, for the sea was calm. The mails were transferred at the same time. Later accounts were less hopeful regarding the chances of saving the vessel, for on Wednesday afternoon a heavy swell set in from the west, and the waves began to break over the steamer. Consequently it became impossible to reopen communication with the ship, and the crew accordingly abandoned her. No cargo has been saved, and there is little doubt that the liner must become a total wreck. On Friday afternoon the vessel had heeled over, and showed signs of severe damage from the grinding of the rocks. At the time that message was despatched the cabin fittings were being washed ashore.



Photo. Cribb.

FIGURE-HEAD OF THE "WARRIOR," OUR FIRST IRONCLAD.

Erected at the Entrance to Portsmouth Dockyard.



THE "TANTALLON CASTLE," STRANDED ON ROBBERS ISLAND, TABLE BAY.



MONGOLIAN CHIEFS AT THE ROYAL SPORT OF FALCONRY AT DALAY NOV LAKE, IN WESTERN MONGOLIA.



IN THE DANGER AREA.

IN A CORDITE FACTORY.

Some years ago the little port of Hayle, on the Cornish coast, did quite a respectable business in shipbuilding. Many a stout vessel which still breasts the Channel was launched from its haven. But times have changed, and it might have gone badly with the natives had not the National Explosives Company selected the sand-hills which stretch away from the town for the erection of its factories. Here a little army of Cornish workers finds employment in the manufacture of the high explosives used alike in military and mining operations. The name of the National Company has been prominently before the public of late as that of one of the chief contractors for the supply to the British Government of the perfect smokeless powder known as Cordite. Throughout the months of May and June 1900 a Select Committee of the House of Commons sat for the examination of officials of the Admiralty and War Office and other witnesses with the object of ascertaining, *inter alia*, the relative reliability of the firms upon which the country is dependent in times of war for the supply of explosives and ammunition. In reporting upon the cordite contracts, the Committee placed the National Company ahead of all its competitors in point of moderation of tender, excellence of quality, and punctuality of delivery.

The factory was first established in 1888 for the manufacture of high explosives for mining purposes. By the enterprise of its managers a successful attack was at once directed against the monopoly of the Nobel Dynamite Trust, and by the healthy competition thus instituted mining investors in every quarter of the globe have benefited. The one gold-field of any importance in which the Company, in common with all British firms, has hitherto found its progress barred, is the Witwatersrand. This, perhaps the largest field in the world, has hitherto been controlled by the iniquitous Dynamite Monopoly, the exactions of which constituted not the least of the grievances of the Uitlanders which led up to the war in South Africa, now happily approaching its conclusion. It is safe to prophesy that, with the resumption of mining at Johannesburg under British rule, the output from the works at Hayle will be enormously increased, although even now the factory is always working night and day, or the large Government and other contracts could not be fulfilled. The panorama at the foot of the page gives a slight idea of the general character of the factory. In the left-hand corner will be seen the larger



IN THE LABORATORY.

buildings, in which is housed the machinery by which electricity, steam, or compressed air is distributed among the smaller structures, in which the real work is done. The first illustration shows the system of earthworks by which each building is isolated from the rest, a precaution insisted upon by the Home Office with a view to the

prevention of accidents. So effective has this proved in the case of the National Company that throughout its thirteen years' history only two fatal explosions, with a total loss of three lives, have had to be recorded.

Cordite, it may be explained for the enlightenment of the uninitiated, is the most unerring propelling agency that has ever been discovered. It derives its name from its shape, and in the course of manufacture might not unreasonably be mistaken for slightly discoloured macaroni. It is made in all sizes to fit the charges of the various weapons used by our land and sea forces, from the 12 in. naval gun, which takes cords half an inch in diameter, down to the Webley pistol, for which are used threads not exceeding a hundredth part of an inch in thickness.

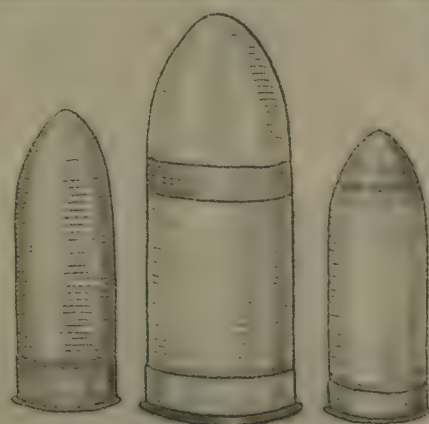
It will readily be recognised that an essential in the success of all important manufacturing businesses is continuity of good management. In this respect the National Explosives Company is fortunate. Mr. Athol Thorne has been chairman of the directors since the Company was started in 1888, and among his colleagues are three other members of the original board—in Mr. Bernhard Kahn, Mr. Reginald Ryley, and Mr. D. Henry Shilson. Professor Lunge, who is, perhaps, the first authority in the world upon sulphuric acid, joined in 1891, and Mr. Sydney Whitman in 1895. The general manager from the early days of the Company has been Mr. George Henry Perks, and no more eloquent testimony could be accorded to the success of his endeavours in that capacity than is to be found in the flourishing condition of the Company. Of this the proprietors have received the most substantial evidence in the shape of dividends. For each of the past five years a regular distribution has been made upon the ordinary shares at the rate of eleven per cent. The profits of the fortunate owners of the deferred shares have been almost



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE FACTORY.



E. FAIRMURST 1901



ATKINSVILLE IN THE DISTANCE.

STANDING TARGETS.

DISAPPEARING-TARGET MACHINERY, SHREWTON FOLLY.
FATIGUE PARTY NEAR BULFORD CAMP.

THE NEW RIFLE RANGE AT BULFORD CAMP, SALISBURY PLAIN.

RUNNING TARGETS.

KNEELING TARGETS.

Photographs by H. G. Whittom.

LADIES' PAGE.

Consternation is felt in some circles at the intimation that no Court functions will take place this season. Thousands of people depend for the chief income of their year on the briskness of business in the London season, which Court ceremonies so greatly assist. But since the King thinks

and it is, of course, everywhere stitched on elaborately. The vest under the bolero fits close to the figure, and is composed of the dove-coloured cloth design just outlined with the greeny-blue taffetas and stitched on a gold tissue ground. Much simpler, but not less attractive, is a gown of cream alpaca trimmed with écu lace and relieved by black velvet waistbelt and tags down the front, finished with gold aiguillettes. A touch of black is often very *chic*, even on muslin dresses.

A pretty design lately seen for an afternoon gown was in foulard, having a white satin-faced ground with leaves in autumn shades, chiefly red, scattered upon it. This was made with a little red satin-cloth bolero, cut away very much from the front, but extending into postilion-tails at the back; the sleeves of the cloth ended at the elbow, and the underbodice and lower sleeves were of the foulard. Ecru lace trimmed it, placed in a band over red glacé round the skirt and up the front, and continued on the underbodice; and a shaped flounce bound with red cloth-footed the skirt. Another smart little dress was in dark blue and white scroll-patterned foulard, the shaped flounce headed with a deep *houllonnée* or gauged piece of the material, and above that a band of wavy-shaped lace. The bodice showed a bolero turning back round the shoulders with a deep collar of embroidered white muslin, and trimmed down to the waist with the wavy lace laid across and across to form a double diamond-shape; there were a narrow inner vest of blue satin and a chemisette of white pleated mousseline-de-soie. The most *chic* new gowns in these soft materials all fit round the hips as if they were moulded on the figure.

Many figures, however, are by no means well suited by such close outlines, and for them there is abundant choice. A series of tucks on the hips, about six inches deep, and the same repeated at the back, alone are enough to modify very considerably the flatness of the glove-like fitting round the hips. Then rows of gaugings on the hips, leaving the exact front only plain, and thus giving a Louis XV. effect, are very good style; and rows of stitching or little tucks or cords may run quite from the *évasement* to the waist. A corselet skirt must always fit absolutely tight round the hips, and therefore must not be attempted without the assistance of a first-rate fitter. Straight-fronted corsets are likewise indispensable to the proper construction of this or any other tight-fitting skirt. Those corsets should be made to measure, too. It is a marvel that so many Englishwomen who aspire to dress well content themselves with a ready-made corset. A properly measured and fitted straight-fronted corset is extremely comfortable. It does not compress the breathing apparatus nor cause any distortion of the natural figure. But for this it is indispensable that it shall be made for the individual figure. Prophets in the world of dress say that these corsets are to be followed by deep and long and narrow pointed fronts to the bodice, and paniers on the hips, of which the tucks and gaugings now seen in that situation are the forerunners. For my part, I do not indulge in prophecy, regarding it, as George Eliot says, as "the most gratuitous form of error." I try to tell you all about the fashions of to-day and even of to-morrow, but the fashions of next year "we will see when the time comes." At present, then, have your dress perfectly plain and tight round the top, if nature has given you a perfect figure, and fortune a perfect dressmaker. But a few tucks, or rows of gatherings, or pleats stitched down will be equally in the best of fashion's graces; and seams strapped or opened and inserted with a line of lace, of trimming, or of a different material are also one and all permissible adornments.

One of our Illustrations to-day depicts a novelty which I told you some weeks ago was "all the rage" in Paris; to wit, trimming by means of cut-out cretonne flowers. In that home of fashion, these cretonne flowers are being applied to everything; from lace to cloth, from toques to evening gowns, from airy chiffon parasols to the revers of tailor-made gowns. This trimming, in fact, may be said to be the one novelty of the season. The cut-out flowers in

cretonne, applied to any and every material, are affixed generally in Paris with tiny stitchery of gold. Many of the London copies seem to be fastened on with cream thread invisibly; but the gold is a great improvement. On the tea-gown depicted on this page, the design is of roses in cretonne, and the material on which they are laid is white silk muslin; lace outlines the curves of the confection, and it is finished with strands of black velvet ribbon



TEA-GOWN IN SILK MUSLIN WITH CRETONNE APPLIQUÉ.

that any Drawing-Rooms or Levées would be out of keeping with the royal mourning, nobody will question his judgment; and we must hope that future seasons will make up for the sadness of the past two years of war and losses.

In the Glasgow Exhibition the committee of the women's section have gathered together an interesting collection of autographs of literary women. Among them is a letter lent by Mr. Murray, which was written by Jane Austen to his ancestor, the founder of the famous publishing house. The special purpose of the letter is to request that a dedication to the Prince Regent should be printed on the first page of "Emma," and that an advance copy should be sent to the librarian of H.R.H. for the honour of the Prince Regent's acceptance. It seems to be supposed that Jane Austen went out of her way to offer this compliment to the Prince then acting as the Sovereign of the country and regarded as the First Gentleman in Europe, but not so warmly admired by posterity. But that is not the case. It certainly scores to the credit of the Prince Regent that he was one of the few to recognise Jane Austen's genius in her own day. He admired her works so much that he kept a complete set at every one of his residences, and often read them; and he, "out of his own head," instructed his librarian to inform Miss Austen that "she was at liberty, without asking further permission, to dedicate any future work to his Royal Highness." Whatever might be the private character of a Prince, it was not likely that any writer would feel it proper, or even possible, to disregard such a flattering message.

It is more difficult this season even than it is usually at this time of year to get the dressmakers to promise one's gowns within a reasonable period: the needlework in them is so excessive. What with strappings, tuckings, cordings, appliques and insertions of lace, and rows of machine-stitching, every dress demands a length of time for its construction that must be as troublesome to the workwomen as it is certainly costly to the wearer. It would be wise of us to reserve all this elaboration for the smarter order of gowns, and seek to make our effects in ordinary costumes by the exercise of taste and originality. For instance, here is a blue and white foulard gown, a simple little frock in its nature, turned into an elaborate work of art by being strapped all over in a perfect maze of tracery with white satin stitched on with blue silk. The vest is white pleated mousseline, with an outer vest of turquoise velvet sprinkled with tiny gold buttons. Without the white satin strappings it would be quite as pretty and perfectly simple. Another gown is of duck's-egg taffetas and dove-coloured cloth; the cloth is cut out as if it were a fretwork design and laid over the taffetas from waist to knees and all over the bolero-bodice,



THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH" CUP.

The competition for the ninth cup for marching and shooting presented by the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph* took place on Saturday, May 4, on the ranges of the National Rifle Association at Bisley, and resulted, for the second year in succession, in a victory for the London Scottish team, who were again under the command of Capt. J. A. Braik. The cup, which was manufactured by J. W. Benson, Ltd., of Ludgate Hill and Old Bond Street, stands 36 inches high including plinth, and is richly chased.



TEA-GOWN IN MOUSSELINE-DE-SOIE TRIMMED WITH LACE.

drawn through bars of diamonds. The other tea-gown is also in white mousseline-de-soie, trimmed with motifs of white lace, and a bow of rather wide black velvet ribbon decorated with ornaments in nouveau art.

Ruffles are almost necessities of costume at present. Very graceful and dainty they are, too, but preposterous in price, for a really nice one costs five or six guineas for a mere nothing of froth and frilling. The latest ruffles become really pelerines, for they include a fitting shape to the shoulder in the fragile material that is making the ruffle. A frill round the throat is far from universally becoming, but the short-necked division among us can wear the ruffle as a mere frame to the face, not closed under the chin, but loosely falling down at each side over the bust. If a ruffle is not at all to one's taste, some pretty bow or jabot must be substituted and regarded as an important consideration; some decoration for the throat must be thought of, from the narrow black velvet or fancy ribbon cravat to the full bow of airy tulle or lace: this notwithstanding (perhaps, indeed, because), fashion will, as I have before mentioned, sanction no collar at all being worn to the dress, when so preferred, but just a narrow binding or quilling of the material set round at the base of the throat. Elbow-sleeves, too, are seen on some model gowns in light materials for the summer season.

Queen Alexandra has long made a hobby of photography, and half the world has followed the illustrious example. A new discovery in the way of Kodaks is therefore of wide interest. It consists of the application to the Kodak of an apparatus that enables a wider field of view to be included than the ordinary field of vision. The new apparatus is called "The Panoram Kodak," and takes large groups of people, as at race-meetings, wide land views or seascapes, and so on, without any more difficulty in manipulation than the ordinary form. The new Folding Pocket Kodak is worth attention. It takes film pictures of the popular quarter-plate size, yet folds up so as to go into the pocket. The No. 3 Folding Pocket Kodak is readily charged at one operation with film sufficient for twelve photographs, and the film adds but a few ounces to the weight of the camera. For ladies, this camera is bound to have great attractions.

Messrs. Cook and Son, the well-known travelling agents, are breaking new ground. They are taking on June 15 a conducted party to Iceland. It seems as if it will be a delightful trip, full of novelty and strange sight-seeing. Ladies can go, though most of the travelling is on horseback. A special booklet can be had to tell all about it from the Ludgate Circus office. I only wish I were going on the trip!

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CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

C C (Orilla, Ontario).—The solution is 1. R to Kt 4th, P to R 7th; 2. Q to K 3rd (ch), P takes Q; 3. Kt to K 5th (dis. ch), and mate.

J S Boyd (New York).—Your problem is correct, and we shall have pleasure in publishing it.

SHADFORTH, G S JOHNSON, AND OTHERS.—Your appreciation of Mr. Healey's problem is shared by ourselves.

E J WINTER WOOD.—See above. We are old-fashioned enough to think the objection to short mates a mere fad, and consider their presence no detriment to the merits of a composition.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2968 and 2969 received from C A M (Penang); of No. 2971 from Emile Frau (Lyons) and Walter St. Clair Lord (Santa Barbara, California); of No. 2972 from El Shore (Philadelphia); of No. 2973 from Rev. A De R Meures (Baltimore, U.S.A.); Emile Frau, Van Setten (Wirdum, Holland), and Charles Field junior (Athol, Mass.); of No. 2974 from Van Setten (Wirdum), Emile Frau, F B (Worthing), and J Bailey (Newark); of No. 2975 from T Roberts, T G (Ware), Clement C Dinby, Emile Frau, Edward W Fry (Dover), F B (Worthing), Sorrento, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), L Desanges, C E H Clifton, H S Bantleth (Napoli), and W Isaac (Sheerness).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2976 received from Henry A Donovan, (Listowel), Dr. Tidswell (Morecambe), T Colledge (Halliburton, Leith), C E H (Clifton), E J Borraro (Hendon), F Dalby, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Edith Corser (Reigate), F H Marsh (Bridport), R Worters (Canterbury), Laura Greaves (Shelton), R Nugent (Southwold), Sorrento, Emile Frau (Lyons), E J Winter Wood, C E Perugini, F W Moore (Brighton), W A Lillico (Edinburgh), Charles Burnett, H Le Jeune, G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), A G von Ern-thausen (Balliol), T Roberts, Joseph Willcock (Chester), J D Tucker (Ilkley), F J S (Hampstead), J H Warburton Lee (Whitchurch), F J Candy (Tunbridge Wells), Shadforth, and J W (Campie).

CHESS IN LEEDS.

Game played between Messrs. F. P. WILDMAN and A. DOD.

Scotch Game.

WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. D.)	WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. D.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	17. R to K 3rd	P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	18. R to B 7th	R to K 5th
3. P to Q 4th	P takes P	19. R to B 4th (ch)	
4. Kt takes P	Kt to B 3rd		
Considered somewhat more forcible than the old way, B to B 4th; 5. B to K 3rd, Q to B 3rd; 6. P to B 3rd, K R to K 2nd, etc.			
5. Kt takes Kt	Q P takes Kt	19. A risky venture, hoping for R takes B, when Q to K 5th (ch) would settle matters. The best seems to be Q takes R P.	
6. B to Q 3rd	B to Q 3rd	20. Q takes P	K to Kt 3rd
7. Castles	Kt to Kt 5th	21. B takes Q	R takes B
8. P to K R 3rd	Q to R 5th	22. K to Kt 2nd	R to Q 7th
9. Q to K 2nd	P to Kt 4th	23. Q R to B sq	P to Kt 4th
10. Kt to Q 2nd	Kt to K 4th	24. P to Kt 3rd	K to Kt 4th
11. Kt to B 4th	Kt takes Kt	25. P to R 3rd	P to R 4th
12. B takes Kt	B takes R P	26. P to Q B 3rd	R to R 7th
A feature of the game is the way in which Black embarks on his sacrifices for position.			
13. P takes B	Q takes R P	27. P to Kt 4th (ch)	K to R 4th
14. P to K 5th	Castles Q R	28. P takes P (ch)	R to R 3rd
The only chance of keeping up the attack. To lose time in defence is fatal, but we doubt the soundness of the double sacrifice.			
15. P takes B	K R to K sq	29. R to B 3rd	R to Kt 7th
16. P takes P	K takes P	30. P to Kt 5th (ch)	P takes P
If R takes Q, White would get the two Rooks for his Queen, and win.			
		31. P to Kt 5th	R to R 5th
		32. P to B 5th	Q R to R 5th
		33. B to B 7th	P to K 5th
		34. K R to B sq	R to R 6th
		35. R to Q 3rd	K to B 2nd
		36. R to Q 8th	P takes P
		37. P to B 6th	K to Kt 2nd
		38. R takes P	R to Kt 5th (ch)
		39. B to Q 5th	R to R 5th (ch)
		40. K to B sq	Resigns.
		41. R to B sq (dis. ch)	

A lively game throughout.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2975.—By H. A. SALWAY.

WHITE.

1. Kt to K 6th
2. Q to B 4th (ch)
3. Q or Kt mates.

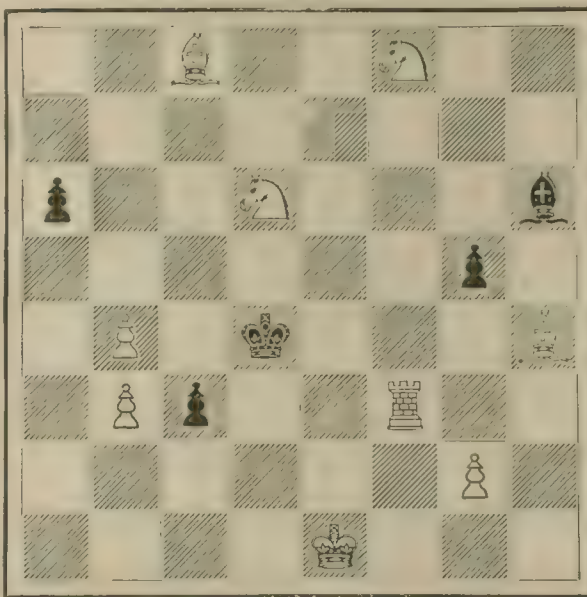
BLACK.

K takes P
K moves

If Black play 1. K to Q 3rd, 2. B to Kt 3rd. If 1. Kt takes P, 2. Kt to B 4th (ch); and if 1. Any other, 2. Kt to B 4th (ch), K takes P, 3. Q to B 3rd, mate.

PROBLEM No. 2978.—By BANARSI DAS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

The following game was awarded a Special Brilliance Prize in the Tourney of the New Jersey Chess Association.

(Centre Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. Hatfield).	BLACK (Mr. Frederick).	WHITE (Mr. Hatfield).	BLACK (Mr. Frederick).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	12. Q to K 2nd	B to B 4th (ch)
2. P to Q 4th	P takes P	13. K to Kt 2nd	P to K R 4th
3. Q takes P		14. Q to K 4th	Q to Kt 3rd
A more venturesome and lively, if not a sounder, game is produced by 3. Kt to K B 3rd. The Centre Gambit is at best a feeble opening.			
4. Q to K 3rd	Q Kt to B 3rd	15. Kt to B 3rd	P to R 5th
5. B to Q 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	16. K Kt to Kt 5th	P takes P
6. P to K B 4th	Kt takes B (ch)	17. P takes P	B to K 2nd
7. P takes Kt	Q to R 5th (ch)	18. Kt to Q 5th	B to B 4th
8. P to K 3rd	Q to B 3rd	19. Kt takes P (ch)	K to Q sq
9. P to K 5th		20. Kt takes R	Q to R 4th
It seems to matter little; White is lost. If Q takes Kt, Black wins by Q to K 7th (ch).			
10. K Kt to B 3rd	Kt to B 4th	21. Kt takes P (ch)	
11. Castles		22. B to Q 2nd	Q takes Kt
		23. R to B 3rd	Q to Kt 3rd
		24. K to B sq	Q to R 4th
		25. K to K 2nd	Q to R 8th (ch)
		26. R to B 2nd	R to R 7th (ch)

A lively game throughout.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

If Montesquieu was right, France, at the moment of writing, ought to be the happiest of all civilised countries. She is not making history at present—that is, there are no burning questions calculated to widen the gap which always more or less divides the various partisans of the former régimes on the one side, and the champions and supporters of the Republican dispensation on the other. By the time this is in print, matters may have assumed a different aspect, for Parliament will have assembled; but it is not probable. I am under the impression that the Associations Bill, having for its chief aim, besides the due taxation of the religious congregations, their strict control by the State, will eventually become law. Should this happen, there will be a tremendous outcry at first, but the duration of the excitement will be in inverse ratio to the strength of the lungs displayed in shouting. The Jesuits and other religious orders have no doubt done a great deal of good, mainly of a scholastic and educational kind, in France; it is, however, equally certain that the same cannot justly be said with regard to their never-ceasing interferences in home politics. The Republicans are very strong in virtue of the absence of a serious pretender to the throne, for neither the two sons of the late Prince Napoleon nor the Duc d'Orléans can possibly be called "serious." The Republicans, therefore, are anxious to utilise their chance of lessening the power of those who are—whether it be denied or acknowledged—for ever trying to undermine their power. They are only putting into practice the method of every dynasty that has preceded them since the great Revolution.

Strange to say, though, the capital itself takes very little interest in all this. I have too often pointed out that Paris rules France, lightly to take back my own words, based upon both experience and conviction. Nevertheless, I must not be misunderstood. By Paris I meant, and mean, the small section of those who exclusively concern themselves with politics, live for them, and have, as a matter of course and of compulsion, taken the French Metropolis as the centre of their operations, or, to put it mildly, their propaganda. The men whom they despatch to the provinces as prefects, sub-prefects, and less conspicuous functionaries absolutely take their cue from tenants for the time being of the Palais-Bourbon and from the Ministers. This is the exact interpretation of my oft-repeated statement, and that is why it may be safely asserted that Paris rules France.

These men, however, constitute but a small fraction of Paris society. They are indifferent to it, and rarely in it. Again I have to explain. Paris society is not exclusively the Faubourg St. Germain and the Faubourg St. Honoré, although these two quarters form the nucleus of it. Paris society consists of a considerable number of leisured and amiable Frenchmen, either bearing authentic historic names



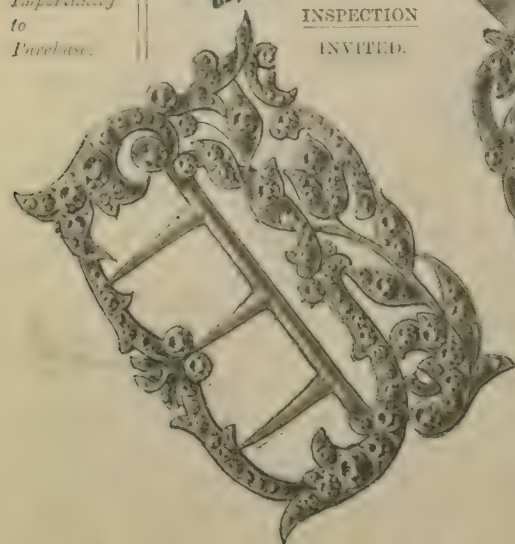
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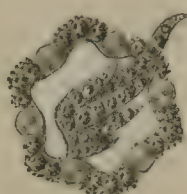
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TWO LETTERS FROM PADEREWSKI

THERE IS A STRIKING FACT ABOUT THE PIANOLA AND THE ÆOLIAN, WHICH GIVES THESE TWO INSTRUMENTS A UNIQUE POSITION IN THE MUSICAL WORLD—THEIR ENDORSEMENTS. To the casual observer, or one unfamiliar with the instruments, these endorsements seem inexplicable.

It is not alone the fact that this latest new instrument the Pianola has received the commendation of some one or two musicians of note, but there would appear to be a miraculous power about it, like that connected with the Pied Piper of Hamelin, with the difference that it charms—not the children, but *all the great musicians* of prominence in this country, the Continent, and America.

Scarcely a month or a week passes but the name of another recognized authority is added to the long list of those who have endorsed the Pianola, and each endorsement evinces an enthusiasm uncalled for, unless felt to a marked degree.

Paderewski would be the last one, perhaps, to tolerate a mechanical aid to piano-playing; yet he undoubtedly is one of the warmest admirers of the Pianola, and derives the utmost pleasure from it himself.

Aside from all other considerations, the fact that he took a Pianola home with him to Paris a year ago, and six months later ordered a second one sent to his residence in Switzerland, shows the value of this dextrous little piano-player to the greatest pianist; while the pleasure experienced by those who are otherwise unable to play the piano is beyond computation.

Broadly speaking, the Pianola is an instrument by means of which any one can play the piano. This includes those who literally do not know one note from another.

The Pianola does the finger-work, striking the notes in the right relation one to another as they are printed on the music-sheet—the performer still being the pianist, with all the pleasure of producing the music, because he has full control over the expression.

Visitors welcome. We are glad to show the Pianola to every one, knowing that the instrument will gain another friend, whether a direct purchase results or not. If you are unable to call, send for pamphlet H our most recent publication.



Pianola in use with upright piano

The Pianola is sold at no other address in London.

Private Car "Riva,"
En Route to San Francisco
March 24, 1900.

Gentlemen—As an admirer of the Aeolian, the wonderful merits of which I have attested to in a former letter to you, I have much pleasure in adding my tribute to your latest invention, the Pianola, which I consider still more ingenious. It is astonishing to see this little device at work executing the masterpieces of pianoforte literature with a dexterity, clearness, and velocity which no player, however great, can approach.

Everyone who wishes to hear absolutely faultless, free from any kind of nervousness piano-playing, should buy a Pianola. It is perfection.

Wishing you well deserved success, I am,

Yours very truly, I. J. PADEREWSKI.

Chalet Riond-Bosson Morges, Nov. 7, 1900

Gentlemen—I desire to order another Pianola for use in my residence. Will you kindly select an instrument in rosewood, and have packed with it rolls of music, and ship by steamer?

Yours very truly, I. J. PADEREWSKI.

The Orchestrelle Company

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If your skin is disfigured by boils, pimples and blotches, if your nerves are disordered and weak, if your blood is thick and stagnant, if your appetite is poor, if your liver is sluggish, if you are anæmic, dyspeptic and languid, or if you are a martyr to rheumatism, neuralgia, or lumbago you can be assured that Phosferine will give you more certain, speedy and complete relief than any course of medical treatment you could undergo.

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and titles, or having usurped them. These, except the few who have been Ambassadors, or hope to become so, do not meddle with politics. They do not devote themselves to art, science, or literature; and the genealogy of the higher French clergy would also show that the old noblesse, as well as the newer aristocracy, created during the First and Second Empires, left off long ago sending their sons to join the Church. These butterflies are thorough in their pursuit of amusement and in their total disinclination to embrace the lightest avocations. They are increased by a very vast foreign colony, equally amiable, and by the sons of *nouveaux riches*, spending, with or without their parents' consent, the money their fathers have made. Then there is the fringe of society, making wealth, or at any rate temporary wealth, by day and spending a greater part, or perhaps the whole of it, in pleasure. None of all these cares a straw for politics. They crowd the race-courses, the theatres, ball-rooms, nocturnal restaurants; and, whether France becomes once more an auto-cracy or a constitutional monarchy, they and their sons and daughters will go on amusing themselves, meanwhile showing their indifference to politics. That is, provided the wherewithal *pour faire la fête* lasts.

Naturally, all these persevering seekers after excitement are dearly fond of social sensations; and save the trial of the Comte de Cornulier for the murder of his wife, there has been no sensation for weeks. The attempted assassination of Madame Louise Kolb by the supposed Australian who elects to call himself Gilmour has not the elements in its development to constitute a romance. It is simply the exploit of a vulgar and sordid burglar, who was driven to attempt homicide by the necessity of the situation. The robbery at an American financial and commercial concern close to the Opera might have afforded a few days of mild speculation as to the perpetrators of the crime, if the French detectives had not very cleverly laid hands on them. The despoiling of a well-known physician by three adventurers, who pretended to place with him a girl supposed to be addicted to kleptomania, is merely a comic incident in Paris life, and no more. The plot to bring about a strike among all the miners has failed. Had it succeeded, Parisians would have warmed their homes with wood—not an expensive resource, especially with summer upon us.



THE FIRST RACING CUP PRESENTED BY THE KING.



THE HAMMERSMITH MUNICIPAL MACE.



THE HAMMERSMITH MUNICIPAL CHAIN.

The silver-gilt mace presented to the Hammersmith Borough Council by Mr. W. J. Smith, a member of the late vestry, is 3 ft. 7 in. in height, and weighs 100 ounces. The upper portion is surmounted by a model of the Imperial crown, referring to the delegated authority of the Sovereign to the Mayor. The mayoral chain, with badge, which we also illustrate, is of eighteen-carat gold, and was recently presented to Mr. T. Chamberlain by Mr. W. J. Bull, M.P., on behalf of the subscribers. Assistance was obtained from Sir William Richmond, B.A., one of the Borough Councillors, in arranging the form. For the badge a mediæval design has been adopted with a border of wrought scroll-work. In the centre of the badge the full arms, crest, and motto of the borough are shown, enamelled in proper colours. This badge depends from a centre link bearing the monogram of the present Mayor and the date 1900. The chain is composed of alternate initial H's and ornamental escutcheons, having oval shields for engraving the names of successive Mayors and their year of office. Both the mace and the chain have been manufactured by the Goldsmiths and Silver-

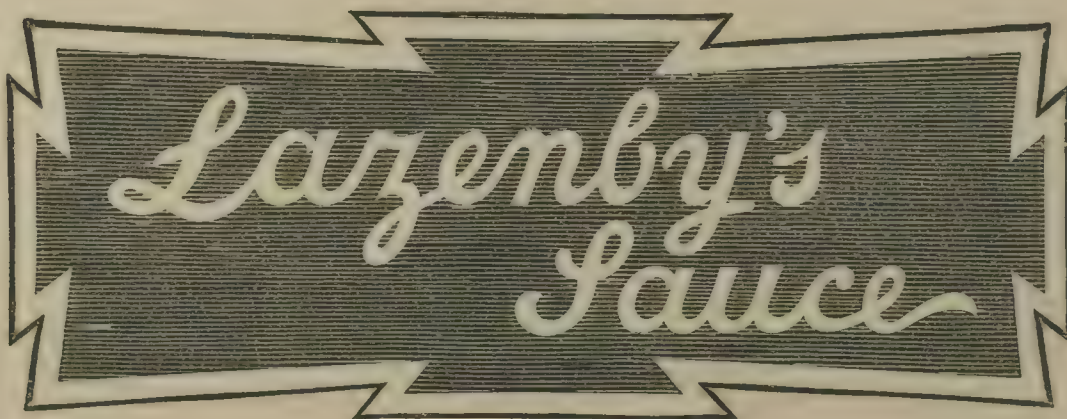
smiths Company, of 112, Regent Street, W., and in point of design and execution maintain the firm's reputation for artistic goldsmith work.

THE KING AND STEEPLECHASING.

The members of the West Norfolk Hunt Club may esteem themselves favoured, inasmuch as they are the recipients of the first public presentation his Majesty King Edward VII. has made since his accession. This consists of an extremely handsome cup of massive silver, forming a striking example in *l'art nouveau* style. It is delicately hand-wrought throughout, a happy feature of its character being the working of the following inscription in repoussé, instead of engraving: "West Norfolk Hunt Club Steeplechase. Presented by his Majesty King Edward VII., April 1901." His Majesty honoured Messrs. Mappin Brothers, of 220, Regent Street, W., and 66, Cheapside, with his command for the above.

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writes: "Please forward me three more bottles 'Harlene,' as I am particularly satisfied with the two bottles sent me to Switzerland, and have been using it ever since."

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WHITSUNTIDE RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS.

The London and North-Western Company announce that the ticket offices at Euston, Broad Street, Kensington, Victoria (Pimlico), and Willesden Junction will be open throughout the day from Monday, May 20, to Whit Monday, May 27, inclusive, so that passengers wishing to obtain tickets for any destination on the London and North-Western Railway can do so at any time of the day prior to the starting of the trains. Tickets, dated to suit the convenience of passengers, can also be obtained at any time (Sundays and Bank Holidays excepted) at the town receiving-offices of the company. Additional express trains will be run, and special arrangements made, in connection with the London and North-Western passenger trains for the Whitsuntide holidays. The company also announce cheap excursions for the Whitsuntide holidays as follows: On Thursday, May 23, to Dublin, Greenore, and Belfast; on Friday, May 24, to Abergele, Aberdovey, Aberystwyth, Anlwlch, Bangor, Barmouth, Bettws-y-Coed, Birkenhead, Borth, Builth Wells, Carnarvon, Chester, Church Stretton, Colwyn Bay, Conway, Corwen, Craven Arms, Criccieth, Denbigh, Dolgelly, Harlech, Hereford, Holyhead, Holywell, Llanberis, Llandrindod Wells, Llandudno, Llanfairfechan, Llangammarch Wells, Llanrwst, Llanwrtyd Wells, Newtown, Oswestry, Penmaenmawr, Portmadoc, Pwllheli, Rhayader, Rhyl, Ruthin, Shrewsbury, Towyn, Wellington, Welshpool, Wrexham, etc., for four, eight, eleven, and fifteen days; and on Friday night, May 24, to Carlisle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, and the North of Scotland. Cheap week-end tickets will be issued on Friday and Saturday, May 24 and 25, to Aberystwyth, Barmouth, Carlisle, Church Stretton, Grange, Lancaster, Leamington, Llandrindod, Llandudno, Llanwrtyd, Llangammarch, Malvern, Morecambe, Rhyl, Stratford-on-Avon, Windermere, Aberdeen, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Greenock, Inverness, Montrose, Oban, Perth, Stirling, and other places, and will be available for the return journey on the following Sunday (where train service permits), Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday.

The Brighton Railway Company announce that by their Newhaven-Dieppe route to Paris and the Continent, through the charming scenery of Normandy and the Valley of the Seine, a special 14-day excursion to Paris will be run from London by the express day service on Saturday, May 25, and also by the express night service on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, May 23, 24, and 25. To ensure punctuality, two or more trains and steamers will be run each day as required by the traffic. Cheap return tickets to Caen for Normandy and Brittany will also be issued from London on Wednesday and Saturday, May 22 and 25, by the direct route, via Newhaven, available for return Monday or Friday, May 27 and 31. Cheap return tickets to Dieppe will be issued on Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, May 24 to 27, available for return on any day up to and including the following Wednesday. The Brighton Company announce the West-End offices, 28, Regent Street, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, and City office, 6, Arthur Street East, will remain open until 10 p.m. on

Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, May 22 to 25, for the sale of cheap tickets and ordinary tickets to all parts of the line, and to the Continent, at the same fares as charged at London Bridge and Victoria.

The Great Western Railway Company issue ordinary as well as excursion tickets at their City and West-End offices, where tickets can be obtained during the whole week preceding Whitsuntide. Tickets can also be obtained at Clapham Junction, Battersea, Chelsea, Kensington (Addison Road), and at the stations on the Hammersmith and City line. The booking-offices at Paddington Station will be open all day on May 22, 23, 24, and 25, so that passengers wishing to obtain tickets for any destination on the Great Western Railway can do so at their convenience. Ordinary tickets will be dated to suit the convenience of passengers. Excursions will be run on Thursday, May 23, to Cork, Killarney, Belfast, Armagh, Giant's Causeway, etc.; on Friday, May 24, to Gloucester, Cheltenham, Worcester, Hereford, Shrewsbury, Oswestry, Aberystwyth, Bala, Dolgelly, Barmouth, Manchester, Chester, Birkenhead, Liverpool, Rhyl, Llandudno, and other Welsh centres. On Whit Sunday a cheap train will run to Cirencester, Stroud, Gloucester, Cheltenham, etc., and at midnight an excursion will leave Paddington for Oxford, Birmingham, Wolverhampton, etc. On the Bank Holiday, cheap trains will be run to Reading, Newbury, Savernake, Marlborough, Devizes, Pangbourne, Goring, Wallingford, Bath, Bristol, Weston-super-Mare, etc., and on Whit Tuesday an express half-day excursion will be run to Banbury, Leamington, and Stratford-on-Avon. Excursions will be run to London from most of the principal stations, and cross-country trips have also been arranged.

The Great Central Railway Company have issued their seaside, farmhouse, and country lodgings and hotel list for the present season. The book contains descriptions and illustrations of many places of interest served by the company's system. Copies of the list will be forwarded post free by the company on application either at the Manchester or Marylebone (London) offices.

The Great Northern Railway Company announce that cheap excursions will be run on Friday, May 24, for five or eight days, from London (Woolwich Arsenal and Dockyard), Greenwich (S.E. and C.), Victoria (S.E. and C.), Ludgate Hill, Moorgate, Aldersgate, Farringdon, King's Cross (G.N.), etc., for Northallerton, Darlington, Richmond, Durham, Newcastle, Alnwick, Berwick, Edinburgh, Glasgow (International Exhibition), Helensburgh, Dumbarton, Stirling, Perth, Dundee, Dalmally, Oban, Fort William, Montrose, Aberdeen, Inverness, and other stations in Scotland. Passengers with five days' tickets return on Tuesday, May 28, and those with eight days' tickets return on Friday, May 31. Tickets at about a single fare for the double journey will also be issued by above excursions to the places named, available for return by one fixed train on any day within sixteen days, including days of issue and return. On the same day an excursion for three, six, or eight days will be run to Newark, Retford, Doncaster,

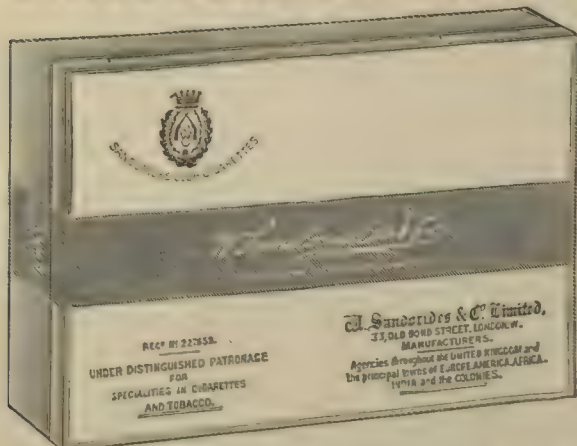
Wakefield, Leeds, and Bradford. Cheap fast excursions will be run on Saturday, May 25, for three, six, or eight days, from London (Woolwich Arsenal and Dockyard), Greenwich (S.E. and C.), Victoria (S.E. and C.), Ludgate Hill, Moorgate, Aldersgate, Farringdon, King's Cross, etc., for Cambridge, Huntingdon, Lynn, Norwich, Cromer, Yarmouth, Boston, Derby, Sheffield, Huddersfield, Manchester, Liverpool, York, Hull, Leeds, and other principal stations.

Cheap tickets available for eight days will be issued to Brussels May 22 to 25 inclusive, and May 27, via Harwich and Antwerp. For visiting the Hague, Amsterdam, Utrecht, and other parts of Holland, the Rhine, North and South Germany, and Bâle for Switzerland, special facilities are offered via the Great Eastern Railway Company's Royal British Mail Harwich-Hook of Holland route, through carriages being run to Amsterdam and Berlin, Cologne, and Bâle. Restaurant-cars are run on the North and South German express trains. The General Steam Navigation Company's fast passenger steamers will leave Harwich on May 22 and 25 for Hamburg, returning May 26 and 29.

The London and South-Western Railway will issue cheap tickets by any ordinary train to Havre on May 24 and 25; Cherbourg on May 25, and to St. Malo on May 24. The return fare, third-class by rail and second-class by steamer London to St. Malo and Havre, costs 24s. 6d.; Cherbourg, 22s. Special cheap excursions will be run at express speed to Bournemouth, Swanage, Weymouth, Exeter, Plymouth, and certain stations in North Devon and Cornwall. On Saturday, May 25, special extra fast trains conveying passengers at ordinary fares will leave Waterloo as follows: At 12.25 p.m. for Southampton West and Bournemouth; at 2.5 p.m. express for Bournemouth; at 4.5 p.m. express for Bournemouth (direct); at 4.50 p.m. for Southampton West, Christchurch, and Bournemouth; and at 9.50 p.m. for Christchurch, Boscombe, Bournemouth (Central), and Dorchester.

The South-Eastern and Chatham Railway will issue cheap tickets to Tunbridge Wells, St. Leonards, Hastings, Canterbury, Sandwich, Deal, Walmer, Birchington, Westgate, Broadstairs, Ramsgate, Margate, Hythe, Sandgate, Shorncliffe, Folkestone, Dover, Sittingbourne, Sheerness, Faversham, Whitstable, Herne Bay and New Romney, from London on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, May 24, 25, and 26, available for the return journey on Wednesday, May 29. Cheap day excursions will be run on Whit Sunday and Whit Monday from Charing Cross, Waterloo, Cannon Street, London Bridge and New Cross to Tunbridge Wells, Hastings, Ashford, Canterbury, and coast towns.

An interesting brochure has been prepared by the management of St. Ermin's Hotel, Westminster, for circulation among the guests at the hotel. It contains sketches by several well-known artists, and a description of some of the most attractive features of the place.

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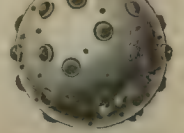


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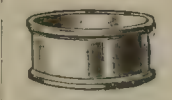
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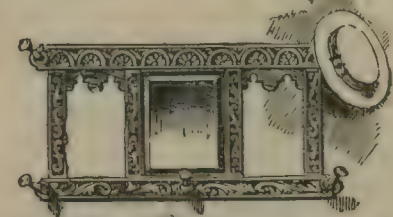
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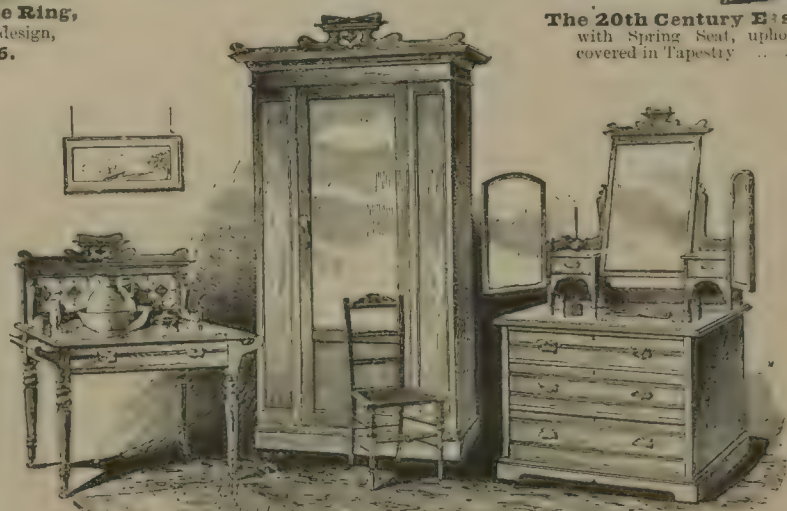


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THE GREAT LABOUR-SAVER, AND THE PUREST SOAP MADE.

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Saves boiling the clothes, does not injure the skin.

Saves the housewife's health and—her temper.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Dec. 12, 1881), with three codicils (dated Jan. 26, 1888, June 18, 1897, and Sept. 29, 1898), of Mr. James Remington Hadow, of 25, Cambridge Square, Hyde Park, and Park Cottage, Devizes, who died on March 18, was proved on May 4 by Harry John Hadow, the son, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £186,183. The testator bequeaths £500 to, and £15,000, upon trust, for, his son James Patrick; £500 and the use of Park Cottage, with the furniture, etc., therein, and £1000 per annum, to his wife; £100 each to Douglas John K. Macdonald, Reginald Townsend Hadow, and Helen Sophia Macdonald; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves to his sons Harry John and George Randolph.

The will (dated March 16, 1890) of Sir Edwin Saunders, of Fairlawn, Wimbledon Common, surgeon-dentist to the late Queen Victoria, who died on March 15, was proved on May 4 by Dame Marian Saunders, the widow, William Frederick Forsyth, and George Cox Bompas, the executors, the value of the estate being £107,158. The testator bequeaths £2000 each to his sisters Priscilla Mary Brown and Eleanor Harrison; £1000 to his brother Frederic; £1000 each to Sybil and Leonard Forsyth; £500 each to Gerald, Bertie, and Wilfred Forsyth; £1000 each to Edwin Henry Broom, Ada Forsyth, Constance Mary Gidley, and Eleanor Harrison; £1000 each to William Frederick Forsyth and George Cox Bompas; £1000 and his household furniture to his wife; £100 each to the Medical

Benevolent Fund, the Benevolent Fund of the British Dental Association, and the Royal British Nurses' Association; and other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life, and then as to one moiety thereof as she shall appoint, and the other moiety between such of them, his sisters Priscilla Mary Brown and Eleanor Harrison, and his nieces Ada Forsyth, Constance Mary Gidley, and Eleanor, Edith, and Alice Harrison, as shall be living at the decease of his wife.

The will (dated July 19, 1892), with two codicils (dated Aug. 11, 1900, and Feb. 7, 1901), of Mr. Thomas Macnaghten Turner-Farley, of Wartnaby Hall, Melton Mowbray, who died on March 13, was proved on May 6 by Colonel Paget Peplow Mosley and Richard Chenevix Trench, the executors, the value of the estate being £105,009. The testator bequeaths his furniture and domestic effects, and the use, for life, of his plate and pictures, to his wife; and £300 each to his executors. The residue of his property he leaves to his son, but should he have no son, then upon trust for his daughters.

The will (dated July 7, 1894), with two codicils (dated Feb. 3, 1896, and May 25, 1899), of Mr. John Edward Bowser, of Westgate Hill Grange, Newcastle, shipowner, who died on Jan. 28, has been proved by Thomas Basil Bowser and Marmion Scott Bowser, the sons, two of the surviving executors, the value of the estate amounting to £67,971. Subject to a small annuity to his wife, the testator leaves all his property, upon trust, for his children,

Thomas Basil, Marmion Scott, Mary, Isabella, Rhoda, Faith, and Lucy.

The will (dated May 21, 1894) of Mr. Michel Emmanuel Rodocanachi, of Palmerston Buildings, Old Broad Street, who died on April 3 at 58, Westbourne Terrace, was proved on May 8 by Emmanuel Michel Rodocanachi and Michel Michel Rodocanachi, the sons, the executors, the value of the estate being £93,308. The testator gives £2000 for such charitable purposes as his executors may select; and subject thereto leaves all his property in equal shares to his two sons.

The will (dated April 6, 1892), with two codicils (dated April 11, 1894, and Feb. 9, 1900), of Mrs. Mary Douglas Sumner, of 28, Bolton Street, Piccadilly, and 1, Ellerdale Road, Hampstead, who died on March 23, was proved on May 2 by Owen Edward Grant and Arthur Richmond Farrer, the executors, the value of the estate being £51,881. The testatrix gives £2000 to the University College Hospital; £2000 to the Newport Market Boys' School; £2000 and certain pictures, books, furniture, and articles of vertu, and an additional £2000 for a custodian thereof, to the Bedford College for Women, London; £100 to the St. Cyprian Orphanage for Boys, Dorset Square; her Antonius Stradivarius violin and Dodds bow to Tivadar Nachez; £2000 to Kate Grant; £1000 to Helen Grant; £500 to Helen Hastings; her leasehold house at Hampstead, with the contents, except books, to Owen Edward Grant; and other legacies. The residue of her property she leaves to her niece Agnes Seymour Kerr.

DREW & SONS, PICCADILLY CIRCUS, LONDON, W.

ACTUAL MANUFACTURERS.

A Stock of 500 Well Seasoned Trunks to Select from.

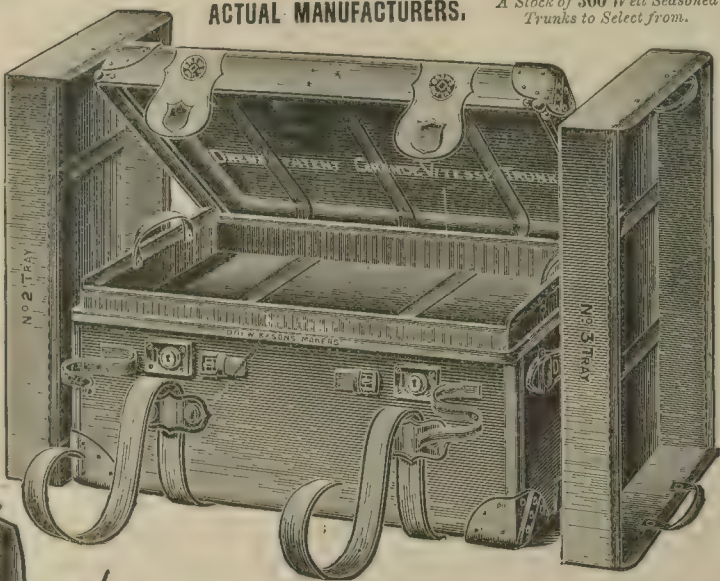
DREWS' NEW 'GRANDE VITESSE' TRUNK.

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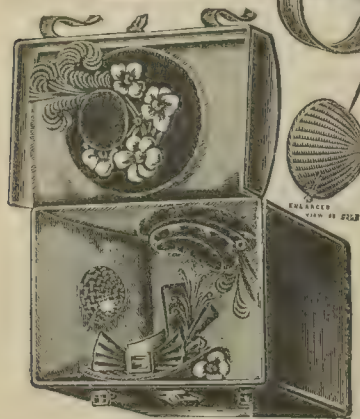
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Cheques should accompany Orders by Post.

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Actual PATENT "EN ROUTE" TEA DRESSING BAGS AND LUNCHEON BASKETS & FITTED CASES.



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SAMPLES & PRICE LISTS POST FREE. AND SHIRTS. Fronts, 35s per 4-doz. (to measure, 2/- extra).

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SPECIAL TO MOTHERS.—If the directions given on each tin are followed, the infantile system may be regulated without the aid of medicine.

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Ogden's "Guinea-Gold" Cigarettes!*



THE PLAYHOUSES.

IBSEN'S "PILLARS OF SOCIETY."

The "Pillars of Society," produced by the Stage Society at the Garrick Theatre on May 13, is one of the least complex of the Norwegian dramatist's works, but Consul Bernick, with his insatiable love of power, is perhaps quite as fine a piece of character-drawing as is to be found in any of Ibsen's plays. The building of a career on the false foundation of a lie, as Bernick strove to do, could only have been expiated either by death or a full confession; and the scene in the last act (in which the Consul deliberately shatters before his wife and fellow-citizens the ideal of himself which they had cherished) lost nothing of its power in the acting. In this scene Mr. Oscar Asche was particularly successful, for he managed even in the moment of bitter humiliation to make one feel the strength of the dominant spirit that had raised the Consul to the position he held. It is clearly enough demonstrated in this satire on the society of a little Norwegian seaport town that the strain to appear better than one is must necessarily have its reaction. In the play the shams and hypocrisies born of the fear of a too righteous community are most pitilessly exposed. The acting on the whole was very fair, although one or two members of the company were far from certain of their parts. The play is translated by Mr. William Archer.

MR. EGERTON CASTLE'S "SECRET ORCHARD."

Unable to secure a part which shall show her in the character of a mother safeguarding the interests and the love affairs of her children—a part which a French playwright would experience no difficulty in writing for her—Mrs. Kendal is once more compelled to appear as the wife

no longer youthful whose fate it is to discover her lover neglecting her for a younger woman. In Mr. Egerton Castle's play, "The Secret Orchard," produced at the Grand, Fulham, on Monday night, a fresh turn is given to the rather familiar story by making the lover the one who dies. He is a French duke, who is shot in a duel by his wife's cousin, a young officer who, enraged at being permitted to offer his hand to a young girl who turns out to have been his kinsman's lover, takes this very Gallic way of vindicating his honour. Mr. Castle shows real cleverness in his study of this young girl, whom his heroine has been so ill-advised as to adopt. This part of husband and wife is shown, like Oswald Alying, as an awful example of the truth of the popular doctrine of "heredity"; for though bred up from infancy secluded from her mother—a notorious *demi-mondaine*—she retains a constitutional tendency to vice, and easily becomes the hero's victim. The dramatist may also be congratulated on having provided his play with one or two very striking and original bits of business. The impudent laughter which escapes from the young girl when she hears her lover described as bashful, and the protecting kiss which the latter receives from his wife at the moment of the challenge, are extremely novel and suggestive indications of character. The whole play, indeed—admirably interpreted as it is by Mrs. Kendal as the wife; by Miss Grace Lane as the lover, and by Mr. Kendal as the husband—possesses the double merit of a very plausible motive and of a really cumulative dramatic interest.

THE SUBURBAN THEATRES.

Neglect Mr. Egerton Castle's play "The Secret Orchard" at the Grand, Fulham, and you will find very little to attract

you to the suburban houses this week. If you want to renew acquaintance with Mr. Frank Harris's striking drama "Mr. and Mrs. Daventry" you can witness it played by Mrs. Campbell's company at the Opera House, Crouch End. You can see how kindly the suburbs take to Mr. Carton's amusing comedy "Lady Huntworth's Experiment," by going either to the Borough, Stratford, or to the Alexandra, Stoke Newington. You may listen to the enlivening strains of "San Toy" not only at Daly's, Leicester Square, but at the Princess of Wales's, Kennington. And if you have not already seen "A Message from Mars" at the Avenue or at the Prince of Wales's, you may journey to Merrie Islington and see Mr. Ganthony's fairy tale told at the local "Grand." But everywhere else save at the Coronet, Notting Hill, held by Mr. Waller in the name of "King Henry V."; at the Crown, Peckham, where Mrs. Waller is repeating her success in "Zaza"; and at the Broadway, New Cross, which Miss Marie Tempest is amusing with "English Nell"—the outlook is one of melodramatic gloom. Lurid dramas of crime may be seen at the Pavilion, at the West London, and at the Royal, Stratford, at which respective houses "The Black Flag," "The Penalty of Crime," and "A Dark Secret" are being performed. Plays exploiting patriotic feeling and bearing such familiar titles as "The Soldiers of the Queen," "On Active Service," and "The Price of Peace," are being presented at the Surrey, at the Lyric, Hammersmith, and the Richmond Opera House. And for the rest, you get a number of old stock pieces varying in hoary age with "The Grip of Iron" and with "Uncle Tom's Cabin," with "Ben-My-Chree" and with "A Royal Divorce." The outer circle of the Metropolis, indeed, is provided with a theatrical bill of fare that lacks nothing in variety.

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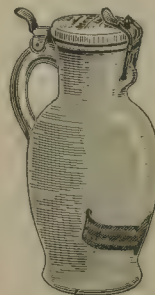
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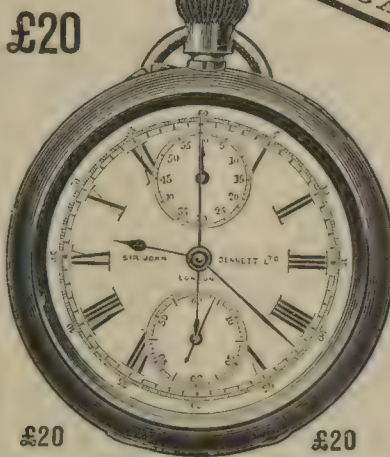


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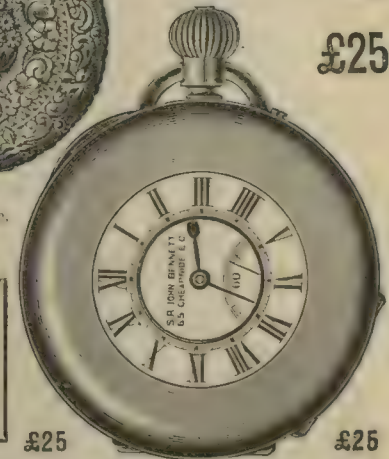
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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Bishop of Calcutta is living quietly at Eastbourne, and is able to take short walks on sunny mornings. The cold winds of May have been unfavourable to him, but it is hoped that by the middle of June he may be well enough to carry out his public engagements.

The Church Army is making steady progress, both in East and West London. The Bishop of Kensington presided over the annual meeting at St. James's Hall, where it was announced that the income for the year was £120,000. From the poor themselves a sum of £16,000 had been received in coppers. An amusing incident took place during Bishop Ridgeway's speech. Someone had said to him: "Is it not shocking that Mr. Carlile plays the trombone in church?" At this point Mr. Carlile produced the trombone and laid it on the table before the Bishop, amid shouts of laughter from the audience. Dr.

Ridgeway said he did not mind the trombone if Mr. Carlile played it fairly well, and he would add: "God bless not merely the trombone, but the penny whistle, if it was the means of bringing one outcast into the fold of Christ."

The consecration of St. James's, Muswell Hill, has been fixed for the early summer. The beautiful building will be a great boon to this rapidly growing district, where several Nonconformist denominations are already flourishing.

The Bishop of Lincoln made an important reference to the South African settlement in a recent sermon at Spalding. The war, he said, was now nearly over, and the time had come for the Church to consider its duty towards South Africa. They must fill the sees of the Bishops, replace the clergy, rebuild the ruined churches and schools; but this would not be sufficient. The Church

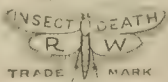
of England must go forward in South Africa, and he hoped that a great cathedral would be erected at Cape Town as a memorial of the war. Bishop King's suggestion is a very happy one, and when the war is really at an end it is not unlikely to be adopted.

Dr. Parker has experienced no ill effects from his great exertions during the May meeting weeks, and preached at the City Temple with his usual vigour on the last three Sundays.

Canon Childe has not as yet introduced many innovations at St. James's, Westmorland Street. Such changes as he has made are in the direction of stricter adherence to the Prayer-Book. For example, one only of the proper Psalms was chosen by Mr. Haweis for each service. Now all the Psalms for the day are chanted. The musical service in other directions has been wisely shortened.

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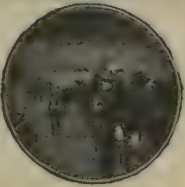
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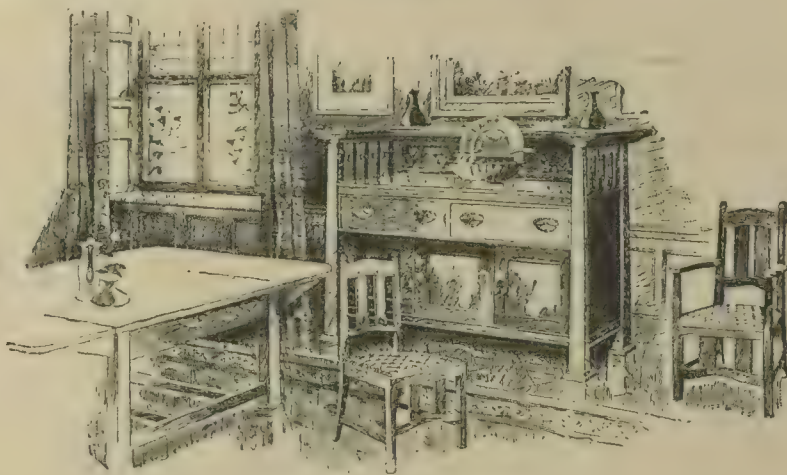


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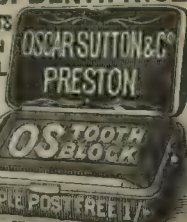
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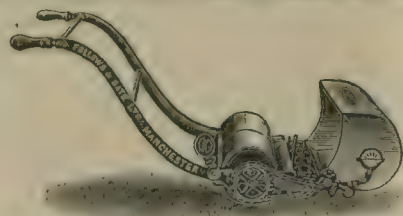
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PICTURES FROM THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

II.—SUBJECT-PICTURES.

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"GOOD-BYE!": OFF TO SKIBBEREEN.—STANHOPE A. FORBES, A.R.A.



THE DOLES OF MONTRIUL.—EYRE CROWE, A.R.A.

"I am not a saint; for the rest, but 'Dieu vous benisse,'—'Et le bon Dieu vous benisse encore,' said the old soldier, the dwarf, etc. The pauvre-honteux could say nothing,—he pulled out a little handkerchief, and wiped his face as he turned away;—and I thought he thanked me more than them all."—STERNE'S "SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY."



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ELIZABETH, SECOND DAUGHTER OF KING CHARLES I. (DIED SEPTEMBER 8, 1650).—MISS IRLAM BRIGGS.

"Supposing her to have fallen asleep, her attendants left her. On their return they found her dead, her face resting on the Bible open at the passage, 'Come unto me, and ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'"



THE 22ND OF JANUARY, 1901.—STANHOPE A. FORBES, A.R.A.



THE DEATH OF THE KHALIFA. ANDREW C. GOW, R.A.



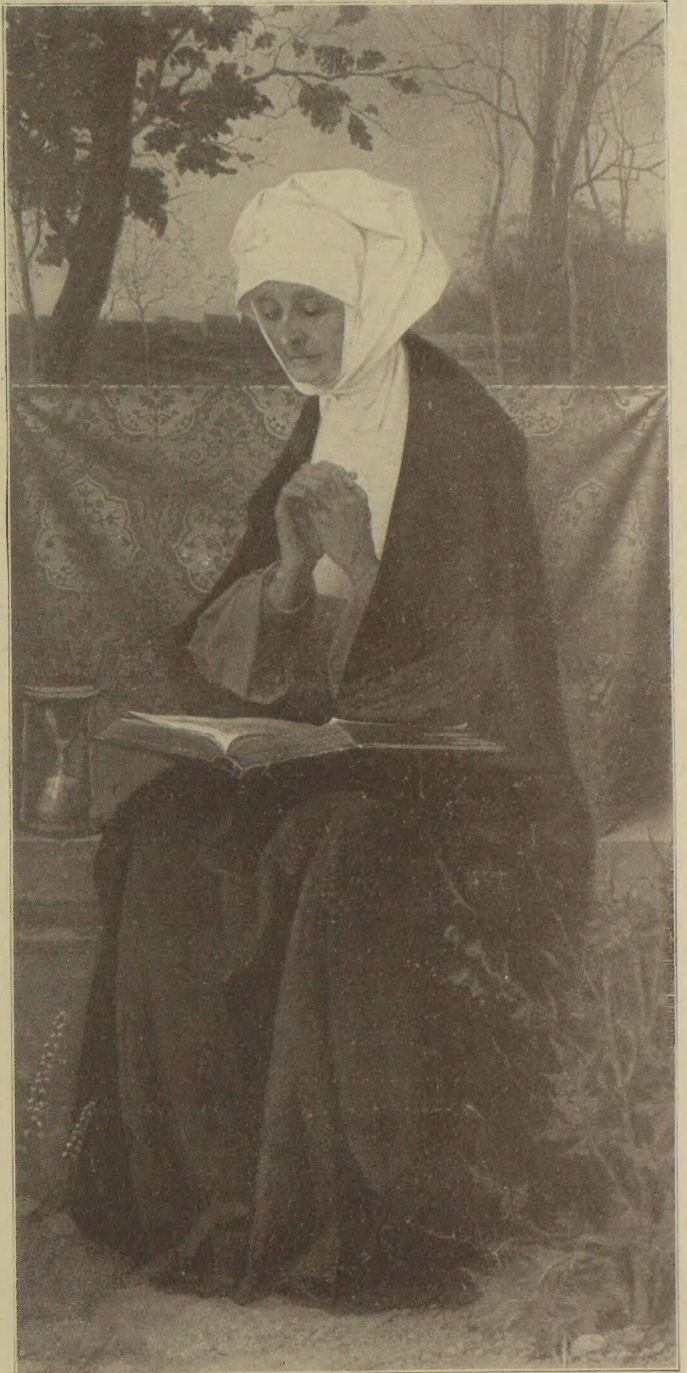
THE NIMBLE GALLIARD.—J. SEYMOUR LUCAS, R.A.



THE LOVE-LETTER.—GEORGE A. STOREY, A.R.A.



THE SENTINEL.—THÉOPHILE LYBAERT.



EVENING OF LIFE.—THÉOPHILE LYBAERT.



THE FINDING OF OPHELIA.—HERBERT GANDY.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

II.—SUBJECT-PICTURES.

The taste for "genre" pictures seems to have ceased, or it has disappeared in the general contempt now evinced for anecdotal subjects, which some years ago occupied a considerable space on the walls of Burlington House. This branch of art may either stimulate or excite the imaginative powers with which our artists are endowed, or it may reveal the deficiencies of the British school. Unfortunately, the present exhibition seems to point to the latter condition, for one may roam from room to room in the hope of finding a few gleams of originality. Artists, it is true, no longer go to popular story-books or "Little Arthur's History," as formerly; but they are still only too much inclined to attempt to translate into paint the ideas of others, or, what is more frequent, the words of others. It is interesting to notice on what crutches some will rely rather than trust their own powers. Neo-Classicism, as it was called, was a most happy invention for artists in search of fresh inspiration, and by its help some rose to the first rank, and displayed in its pursuit very undoubted talent. Sir L. Alma-Tadema is the most conspicuous instance, and his picture this year, "Under the Roof of Blue Ionian Weather," is as perfect a specimen of brushwork as one could

Abbey's "Crusaders Sighting Jerusalem," which, in spite of its rather architectural treatment, is a remarkable work. The faces of three warriors who have struggled up the rocky hill whence the Holy City is sighted are illuminated by the setting sun, and into each Mr. Abbey has infused, by means of a few touches, a sense of fervour and exultation which raises his work to the first rank. Mr. G. H. Boughton's "Dreamland" appeals more by its landscape effect, but it leaves little for the imagination to solve.

Time was when Mr. Frank D. Millet appealed to a large public by his quaint suggestions of life in Puritan times, but neither "An Accusation of Witchcraft" nor "The Proposal" will do much to maintain his reputation. The work is cold and thin, and the humour forced, whilst the artificial method of illumination is not to be commended for general purposes of art. Coming to more recent times, Mr. Andrew Gow finds himself inspired by the death of the Khalifa; yet one cannot but feel that it is the surroundings of the scene rather than the tragedy itself which have stimulated him. Mr. Ernest Crofts might have turned his abilities to more profitable account than such a threadbare subject as "An Affair of Honour" offers. One knows so well beforehand the composition of such a picture—the forest glade, the first arrivals, the approaching antagonist, with the conventional horse or

reading in their little cottage the news of the good Queen's death. There is room in such a picture for the expression of real emotion, and Mr. Forbes has risen to the opportunity. Mr. Arthur Hacker's "Cloud" is one of the most successful bits of imaginative painting, and is at the same time a fine specimen of his powers in painting a nude figure basking in "heaven's blue smile," while the darker side is turned earthwards. A somewhat similar idea is treated by Mr. George Boughton in his "Young April," where the "darling of the April rain" is presented to us under the form of an evanescent figure with flowing, impalpable hair. In both cases it is the treatment of cloud and sunshine which the artists have had in view, and the incarnation of the spirit of beauty.

We are brought back to sterner ideas by the work of a clever young Flemish painter, M. Théophile Lybaert, who both in oils and water-colours shows his strength. The "Evening of Life" is rather imitative in its mode of treatment, and suggests the work of the older masters, especially in its rich colouring; but the drawing is firm and correct, and the expression of the principal figure full of feeling and resignation. Mr. Richard Bagshawe's "In Peril" is more dramatic, but it is not less full of promise, although his skill as a draughtsman is scarcely so assured. It is somewhat difficult to say whether Mr. G. D. Leslie can be classed



IN PERIL.—J. RICHARD BAGSHAWE.

desire: white marble, two graceful figures, and a blossoming oleander tree, a deep-blue sky, and a horizon of dark blue sea, go to make up a brilliant composition. On the opposite wall, the President, Sir E. J. Poynter, shows another mode of treating a classic subject, if such a subject as "Helena and Hermia," from the "Midsummer Night's Dream," may be termed classical. There is not much poetry in the President's treatment of the two classical "sempstresses," who, "like two artificial gods," have been working on one sampler. The colour is somewhat heavy, but the pose of the two girls is graceful.

Of late years such subjects have somewhat given way to Wagner and the "Nibelungen" and Arthurian myths. This year we find Mr. Frank Dicksee among others in attempting to deal with the complex character of Yseult. He does not go beyond the study of the single face, and he seems to have concentrated most of his time and attention upon the lady's drapery; but Mr. Herbert Draper aims at a higher ideal in his "Tristram and Yseult" drinking the cup which bound the one to the other for ever. Mr. Draper, like Mr. Dicksee, is especially expert in dealing with the setting of his scene, and with him the surrounding land and sea take as much prominence as the drapery in Mr. Dicksee's picture, in which the harmony of red hair, red dress, and red sky is treated as a colour-problem. Mr. John Collier takes us in imagination to the Venusberg, where two very white-fleshed ladies are depicted kneeling on the white marble steps of the altar on which stands the half-draped figure of the presiding goddess. One turns from such unreal renderings of a poetic idea to Mr.

two in the foreground, and Mr. Crofts' powers as a draughtsman are so well recognised that one regrets that this is his only exhibit. A somewhat similar reproach may be made to Mr. G. A. Storey's "Love-Letter," but it is always interesting to watch the careful, painstaking efforts of this artist to express feeling. Mr. Seymour Lucas is another who is too often drawn away by the belief that costume is more attractive than emotion in a picture, but on this occasion he throws into the "Nimble Galliard" not a little of the rollicking spirits one may fairly attribute to the singers of past times. Mr. Eyre Crowe has gone to the "Sentimental Journey" for the subject of the "Dolours of Montriul," and gives us a faithful rendering of the sort of cheap and gushing sympathy which Sterne would have bestowed upon all who claimed his pity.

Mr. Stanhope Forbes, by general consent, stands foremost among those who find in seamen and fishermen and their surroundings subjects for their brush. His work is always vigorous, his purpose direct, and his meaning clear. The dignity of labour in all its phases attracts him, and this year "Good-Bye," representing the departure, of Cornish fishing-boats to Skibbereen, is a pleasant scene. The boats are just working out of the harbour, and the last batch of women have said good-bye to their husbands and sons, who are starting on their way under the happiest auspices of weather. As usual, it is painted in that broad style which has obtained so much appreciation for the artist both at home and abroad. And Mr. Stanhope Forbes gives us another touch of real life by his "22nd January, 1901," which represents a fisherman's family

as a figure-painter, although as such he is always sure of catching an elegant pose. "The Wishing Well" is no exception to this rule, but it suggests the thought that the lady's costume is more suited to the croquet-lawn than to the recesses of the wood, which she has reached without a spot on her shoes. Mrs. Stanhope Forbes's "Gipsy" is marked by more than ordinary strength, and shows that in dealing with outdoor country life she is as much at home as her distinguished husband. Mr. Sheridan Knowles has found in recent events the obvious subject of his simple "Home Again." Mr. J. L. Wimbush's "Waiting for a Bite" gives him the opportunity of making a clever sketch; while Mr. Gandy goes to Shakspeare for "The Finding of Ophelia," and Miss Irlam Briggs to the pages of history for the pathetic end of Charles the First's daughter.

Among the other subject-pictures should also be mentioned those referring to the funeral of Queen Victoria, Mr. Wyllie dealing with the naval and Mr. Charlton with the military pageant, both in a way most creditable and effective, although in the former case the artist has allowed himself far greater freedom, to give a pictorial effect to the imposing scene. Mr. Hatherell has dealt with the proclamation of King Edward in brilliant colours, giving due prominence to York Herald in his quaint and gorgeous tabard. Episodes of the war are not much in favour with artists, and the most spirited of all—that by Miss Lucy Kemp-Welch—owes almost as much of its interest to the landscape as to the horses and riders of Lord Dundonald's staff making their famous dash for Ladysmith.

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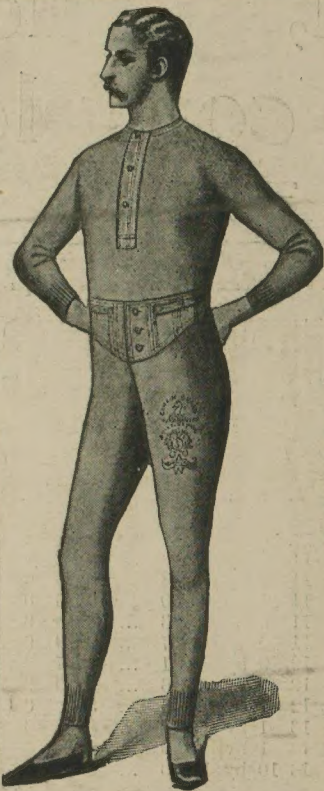
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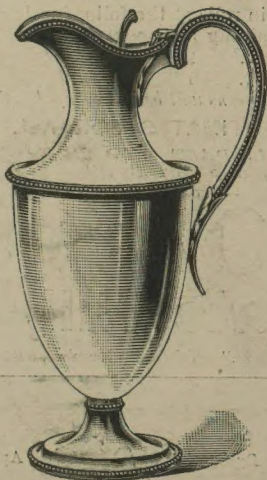
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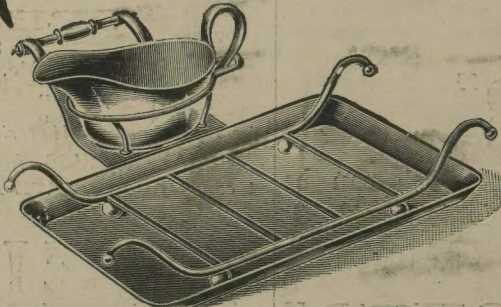
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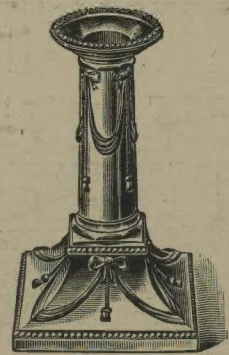
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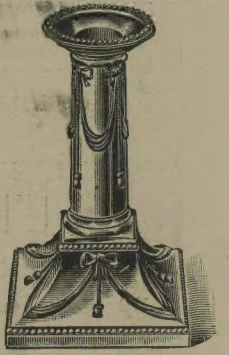
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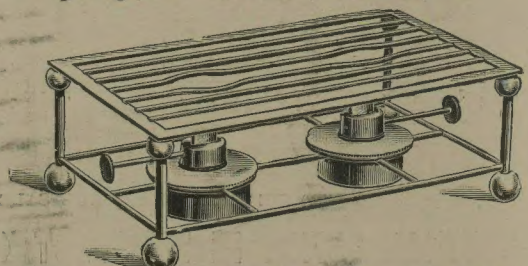
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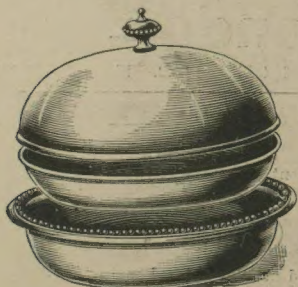
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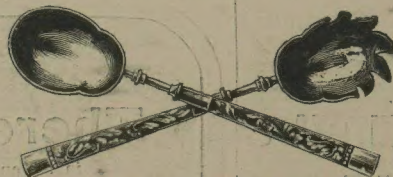


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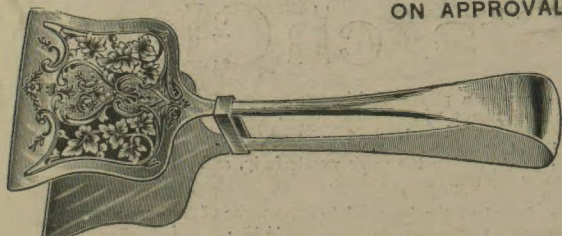


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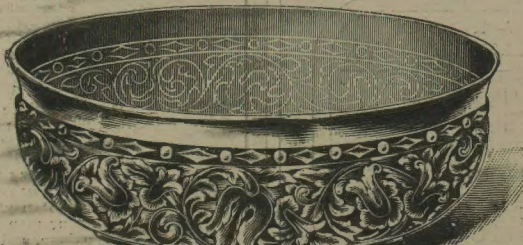
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